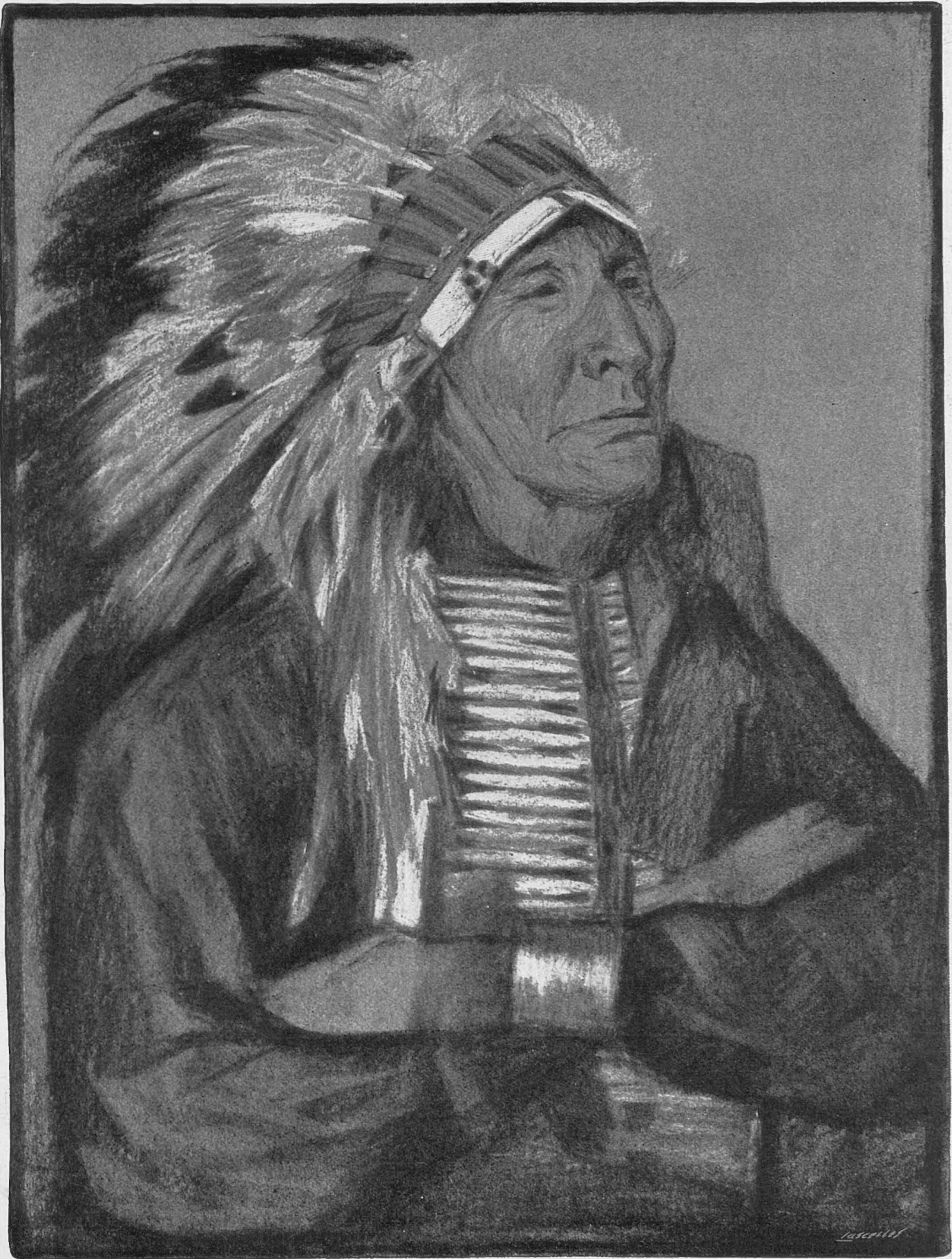




No. 528.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



"WALKS-UNDER-THE-GROUND,"

THE OLDEST INDIAN CHIEF IN "BUFFALO BILL'S" SHOW AT OLYMPIA

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY EDWARD KING.





AT the time of writing, the Jones-Walkley controversy is still the chief topic of conversation in journalistic and theatrical circles. Everybody, of course, has an opinion on the matter, and everybody is airing his opinion in as loud a voice as possible. Allow me, therefore, to hurl myself into the fray without more ado, and declare, emphatically, that all the principals in the affair acted wrongly. Mr. Jones was wrong to get annoyed with Mr. Walkley for making fun of his plays; Mr. Bouchier was wrong to dictate to the Editor of the *Times* as to which member of his staff he should send to notice the piece; the Editor of the *Times* was wrong to place his dramatic critic in so undignified a position; and, finally, Mr. Walkley was wrong to go to the theatre when he had not been invited. These four gentlemen, then, have all been guilty of indiscretion, but the chief offender, to my mind, is Mr. Arthur Bouchier. Everybody knows that a theatrical manager can sometimes say very rude things about dramatic critics when those critics are not present, but it is not wise of Mr. Bouchier to seize this opportunity to insult the craft as a whole. A certain number, perhaps, of the people who represent newspapers on first-nights are reporters first and critics afterwards; others, however, are earnest students of the drama with a thorough grasp of stage matters. It may be open to discussion whether Mr. Walkley is an essayist rather than a critic; in any case, however, he is the last man to whom the term "reporter" could reasonably be applied. Besides, I really do not see why it should be any more permissible to bait a critic than to bait a bear.

In so candid an age, it is rather refreshing to find someone who still resents adverse criticism. I am afraid it must be vanity on Mr. Jones's part, for he is perfectly well aware of the fact that a bad notice in the *Times* or any other paper will not damage him materially so long as his play is good. Mr. Jones reminds us that Mr. Walkley said unpleasant things about "The Manœuvres of Jane," and yet that play ran at the Haymarket for some phenomenal number of nights. Anyway, abuse is better than silence, and I have no doubt that Mr. Jones is longing to know what Mr. Walkley has to say to all this fuss. In the meantime, he must console himself with Max Beerbohm's brilliant parody of the style of his brother critic in the current number of the *Saturday Review*. I heard it suggested, by the way, that Max and Mr. Walkley wrote the article together, but the idea is unworthy the consideration of any nice-minded Englishman. The dramatic critic of the *Times*, in the first place, would never make himself a party to anything so frivolous, whilst it is quite impossible to imagine that Mr. Walkley would condescend to make fun of Mr. Walkley.

A friend of mine who edits a certain journal—a publication so respectable that no English home is considered complete without a copy of the current number—recently informed me, quite unofficially, that people have left off going to places of worship. Remembering that he was not a church-goer himself, I asked him how it was that he came to know anything at all about the matter. Thereupon, he told me that he had been reading an article on the subject in a daily paper. The writer of the article, it appeared, had visited some churches and chapels in the neighbourhood of London during the hours of Divine Service, counted the congregation, and struck a rough average by comparing the number of worshippers with the total

population of the parish. This feat accomplished, he triumphantly set it down that people were daily becoming more and more irreligious. As a church-goer myself, I was able to put my friend right upon the point. I explained to him that, whilst it is true that the percentage of church-goers in London is very small, it is also true that the percentage in the country is as high as ever it was. In support of my statement, I told him of a village in an agricultural neighbourhood which contains a church, a Baptist chapel, and a Wesleyan chapel. There is another church, moreover, within a quarter of a mile, and a Roman Catholic chapel two miles away. The population of the village is just over one thousand, and all these places of worship are fairly well filled every Sunday. My friend sniffed. I knew he would sniff; people never like to be convinced that their neighbours are better than they had supposed.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, to whom we are indebted for biographies of "The Kendals," "Ellen Terry and her Sisters," and other works of a similar nature, has just published, through Messrs. Pearson, a very interesting "Life of Bret Harte." It would have been difficult to find a writer better qualified to undertake this important duty, for not only is Mr. Pemberton a biographer of vast experience, but he also had the privilege of being one of Bret Harte's most intimate friends. Thus he is enabled to give to the world the history of the late author's life-struggles almost in the very words that Bret Harte himself used in talking of them. One of the most engrossing chapters is entitled, "In and About Stageland," and there we get the account of the writing of "Sue," the play in which Miss Annie Russell was seen at the Garrick Theatre less than five years ago. This piece, of course, was written by Bret Harte in collaboration with Mr. Edgar Pemberton. The book is full of interest throughout, and is sure to find its way into the homes of those who cherished so profound an admiration for the great American writer.

I have had occasion to refer, more than once, to the sad-faced policeman who is generally to be found on duty in the Embankment Gardens. I now have to inform my readers that, during the course of the last few weeks, a most extraordinary change has come over this uniformed individual. Whether it is that he is a regular reader of *The Sketch*, or whether some of his mates have called his attention to my remarks, I cannot say; but the fact remains that, whereas he was wont to be the dreariest-looking object to be met with in the course of a morning walk, now I find him assuming a hilarity that, in comparison with his accustomed state of dejection, is little short of gruesome. He laughs, he talks to the children, he looks about him as brightly and perkily as a sparrow in April. Once or twice, though you may not believe it, he has actually been on the point of skipping. You may suggest to me that all this jollity is put on for my especial benefit; that no sooner is my back turned than he relapses once again into his normal condition of profound dejection. It is very sweet of you, I admit, to make so flattering a suggestion, but, to tell the honest truth, the man does not know me from Adam. Presuming, therefore, that my remarks really have come beneath his notice, I suppose he makes a point of playing the fool every morning from ten till twelve. The mere idea of the thing, however, is so appalling that I think I must take an early opportunity of introducing myself to the gentleman.



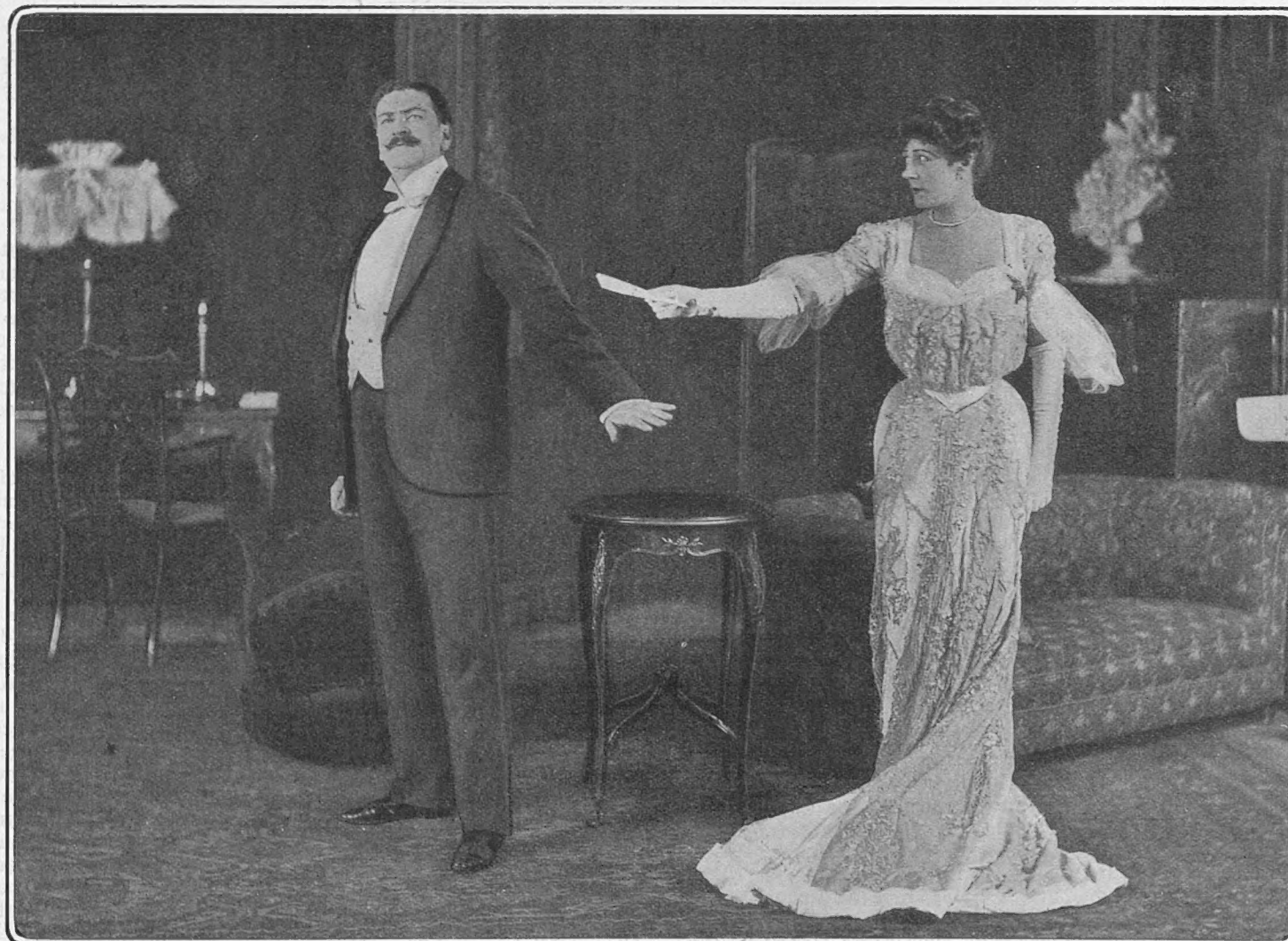
## THE PLAY THAT THE "TIMES" CRITIC DID NOT SEE.

TWO SCENES FROM "WHITEWASHING JULIA," AT THE GARRICK.



Lady Pinkney (Miss M. Talbot). Mr. William Stillingfleet (Mr. Arthur Bourchier). Mrs. Benbow (Miss Dolores Drummond). Julia Wren (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Rosie (Miss Elfrida Clement). Hon. Edwin Finkney (Mr. Sam Sothern).

ACT II.—MORNING-ROOM AT JULIA WREN'S: THE HON. EDWIN PINKNEY MAKES A NOBLE EFFORT TO ESTABLISH A "BOUNDERS' SET" IN SHANCTONBURY.



ACT III.—DRAWING-ROOM AT LADY PINKNEY'S: JULIA, NOW ENGAGED TO STILLINGFLEET, OFFERS HIM THE PAPERS CONTAINING THE SECRET OF HER PAST LIFE. HE REFUSES TO READ THEM.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*An Important Club Case—Club Ways and Means—The Cocoa Tree—A Club at Khartoum—"The Pilgrims" and Mr. Choate.*

EVERY secretary of every London Club looked through the book of rules of his Club last week, to be sure that they are in order as to the increase of subscriptions, for the decision of Mr. Justice Joyce in regard to the Oxford and Cambridge University Club has fluttered all the male dove-cots, and, no doubt, Dover Street, where the ladies hold sway, has also been perturbed. Some weeks ago, I wrote that the disagreement of the members of the Oxford and Cambridge in regard to the amount of their annual subscription might be brought into the fierce light of the Law Courts. That this should have happened is a proof how high feeling ran in the Club, for it is a most sociable caravan-serai, as a rule, the members all knowing each other, and there being less formality within its doors than is usual in Clubland.

Sir George Jessel was the Judge who ruled that a Club Committee was a body with very great powers, and it is a very exceptional case when the decision of a Committee, backed by a majority of members at a General Meeting, can be upset. In the present case, the rules of the Club were faultily drawn and did not provide for any possible increase of subscriptions.

The increase of subscriptions at Clubs is really one of the serious added burdens to the sociable man's purse in these days. Every January I look with a feeling of consternation at my bank pass-book and see the list of Clubs my subscription to which is paid by "bankers' orders," and note with regret that one or another of them has raised its subscription during the year. I fancy that the approaching lapse of Crown leases is responsible for most of the increases of subscription. The Committee sees the time approach within measurable distance when it will have to face some great increase of rent, and it raises the subscription so as to establish a sinking-fund to be ready against the evil day. Most if not all of the Pall Mall Clubs hold Crown leases, and such a Club as the United Service, or any other Club holding an exceptional position, may find the State a very difficult landlord to bargain with when a new lease has to be executed.

Nine pounds was the sum that the Committee tried to extract from Sir Richard Harrington, and he, having contracted to pay only eight, demanded to be allowed to use the Club for that sum. I believe that eight guineas has always been the customary sum at which the subscription to a 'Varsity Club has been fixed. Ten pounds is, I should fancy, the average subscription at the majority of other first-rate Clubs, and a man is lucky nowadays if he finds that his entrance-fee to any crack Club is less than forty pounds. In addition to entrance-fee and subscription, a member may possibly be asked sooner or later to join in a whip to meet some special necessity, such as re-decoration, thus to obviate the necessity of a general increase of subscriptions. At the present moment, a Club which was at one time among the most

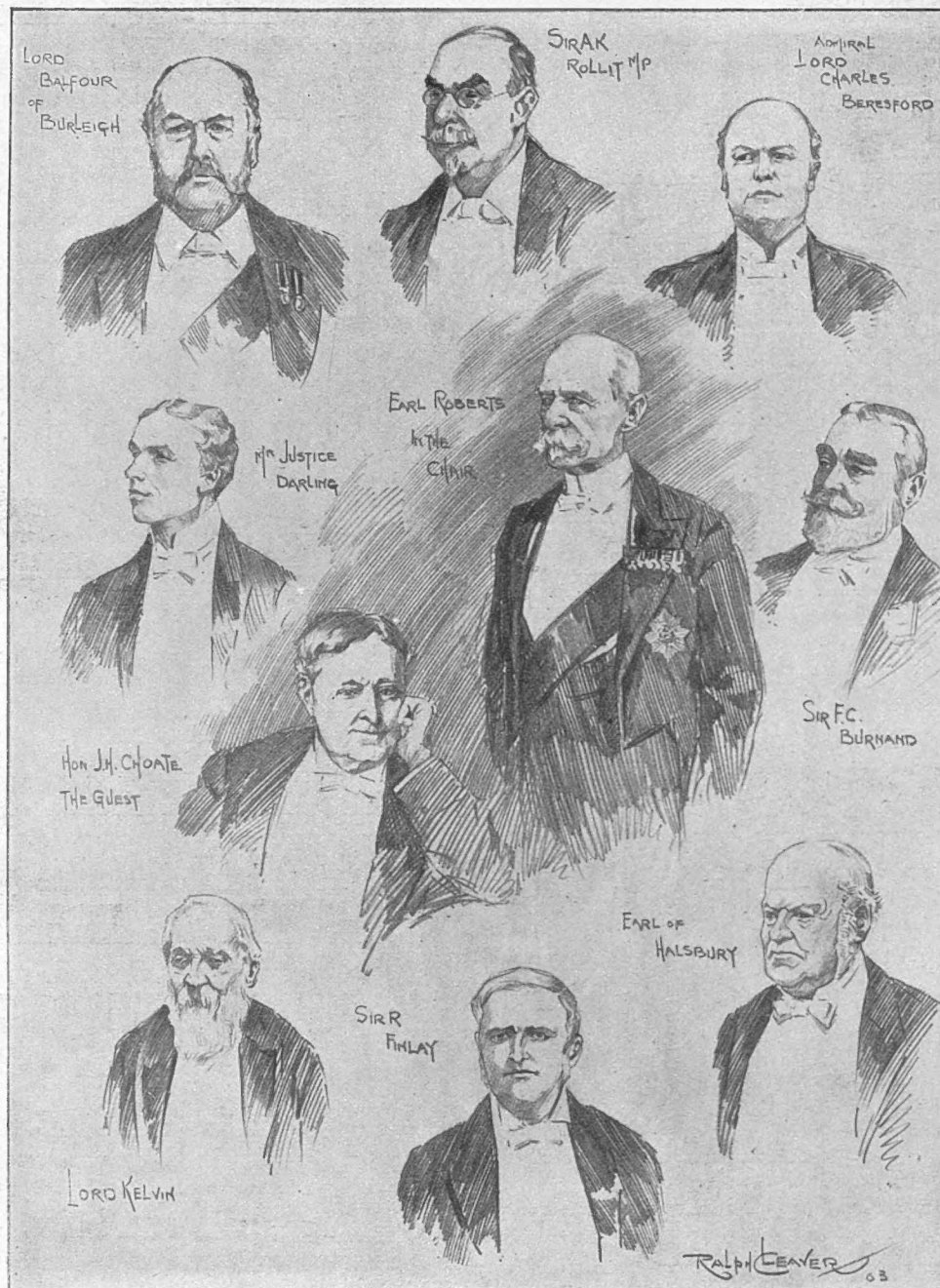
successful in London, but which had suffered a partial eclipse, is being brought back to its original position by an energetic secretary, who would have found his task an impossible one had the members of the Club not subscribed a nice little nest-egg of four thousand pounds for necessary alterations and additions. Sometimes an increase of members puts fresh blood into a Club and fresh gold into its treasury. I have no knowledge of the state of the balance-sheet of the Union Club, one of the oldest and most select and finest of the London Clubs, but I do know that it has become a much more lively institution since it took to itself the pick of the members of the Cocoa Tree Club. The Union has always been an excellent Club to dine at, ranking almost with the Wyndham in the gourmet's list of honour, and its old mahogany tables are a delight to those who, as I do, like to see the cloth taken off the table at the end of a meal; and now it has become quite rejuvenated. It has a wonderful look-out over Trafalgar Square, and one of the most catholic Clubmen I have ever known, who found some very good

reason for paying a subscription to each one of the half-hundred Clubs he was a member of, used to explain to me that he kept his name on the Union because it was such a convenient place to see riots from. What is to happen to the premises of the Cocoa Tree Club I do not know. During the time I have known Clubland, I have seen its rooms in St. James's Street occupied by various coteries of Clubmen.

Having devoted the bulk of my article to rich men's Clubs, I should like to conclude it by a word as to a poor man's Club. A British regiment is now stationed at Khartoum, and the General commanding the Army of Occupation in Egypt has appealed to the British public to give Thomas Atkins a Club in Gordon's city on the Nile where he can enjoy himself sanely and get away from the professional atmosphere of the barrack-room. A private's life in Khartoum must be horribly monotonous, and to help to make life bearable to the men at one of the outposts of the Empire is to do a good deed.

It was a happy idea on the part of "The Pilgrims" to arrange that their banquet in honour of the United States Ambassador should coincide with the completion of his

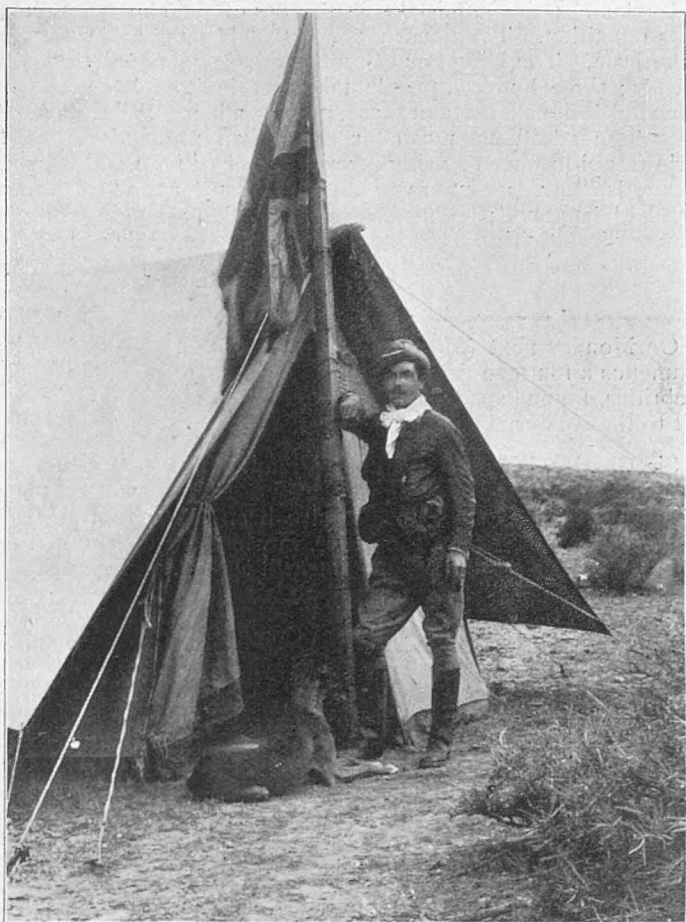
fourth year at the Court of St. James, and nothing could have been of brighter augury for the future relations between the two countries than the tone of the whole proceedings. On Tuesday of last week a large and distinguished company assembled at the Hyde Park Hotel to meet Mr. Choate. Lord Roberts, the President of "The Pilgrims," was in the chair, and after dinner, when the King and the President of the United States had been duly honoured, he proposed Mr. Choate's health in a pleasant little speech. The reply of the American Ambassador was characterised by that mixture of sound sense and humour which has made Mr. Choate so honoured and welcome a guest in this country, and in its course he assured the Commander-in-Chief of a hearty welcome if he would accept the invitation of the American "Pilgrims" and cross the Atlantic. Among the other speakers were the Hon. Stanford Newell, United States Minister to The Hague; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Charles Beresford, and Lord Strathcona.



"THE PILGRIMS" CLUB BANQUET TO MR. CHOATE: SOME CUFF-NOTES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



APROPOS OF THE STRANGE CAVENDISH CASE.



MR. HENRY CAVENDISH IN CAMPAIGNING-DRESS.

*From a Photograph.*



MISS ISABEL JAY (MRS. HENRY CAVENDISH).

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.*



A ROOM IN MR. CAVENDISH'S FLAT.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



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March 11, 1903.

Signature.....

## "IN JAPAN."

"IN JAPAN," the ballet adapted for the Alhambra by my contributor, Mr. S. L. Bensusan, from his *Sketch* story "Dédé," was produced on March 1 at La Scala in Milan. For the first time in its history the great Italian Opera-house has opened its doors to a ballet "made in England"; the unmistakable success of the experiment may lead to its repetition. The house received "Nel Giappone" with unwonted enthusiasm. The Directors of La Scala have mounted the ballet very lavishly; three hundred people take part in it, and Signor Comelli's specially designed costumes are greatly admired. M. Louis Ganne has written additional music for the Italian production, and Signor Carlo Coppi has been staying for some weeks in Milan to superintend rehearsals. Mr. Bensusan was not in Milan for the first performance of "Nel Giappone"; he has been kept in town arranging for a journey to more distant cities. He leaves England this week and will send a series of letters to *The Sketch*.

On Monday next (March 16), Messrs. Alfred Ellis and Walery will commence a fourteen days' sale of soiled and surplus photographs of celebrities, framed specimens, &c., so collectors should make an early visit to the studios at 51, Baker Street, W.

Sir Charles Wyndham writes to inform me that "Rosemary," the selected piece for the opening of the New Theatre, will be played for five weeks only. Arrangements have been made to transfer "The Light that Failed" from the Lyric, in which, of course, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott will appear. They will open at the New Theatre on Monday, April 20.

The London and North-Western Company's card of the principal Agricultural Shows to be held during 1903 is now ready. It is issued in the usual handy pocket-form, and can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Offices, or will be sent, post free, on application to F. H. Dent, Traffic Superintendent, Broad Street Station, London, E.C.

## "SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

### TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

### GENERAL NOTICES.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IT is said that King Edward once observed that he considered that a monarch should be the busiest man in his kingdom. If this be indeed true, His Majesty is living up to his ideal; every day brings him new and even most arduous engagements, and it is pleasant to be able to record that those who are being brought into constant communication with the King declare that he looks remarkably well and hearty. Great will be the rejoicings in Liverpool if,

as is now stated, the Sovereign intends to be the guest of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley towards the end of this month. More than once, as Prince of Wales, His Majesty was present at the "Northern Derby," the Grand National. In any case, everything points to the fact that His Majesty is taking once more a very keen interest in racing, as witness last Friday's event at Sandown.

### *Their Majesties' Wedding-Day Banquet.*

The State Dining-room, where their Majesties gave a banquet yesterday (10th) to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their wedding-day, has seen, perhaps, the most notable functions of the kind that have ever been witnessed, for there were laid out in good old-fashioned style the wedding-breakfasts of Queen Victoria, of the Princess Royal, and of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and, last not least, of the present Prince and Princess of Wales. The State Dining-room has also been the scene of christening banquets and of Jubilee and Coronation functions innumerable. If the Royal mahogany could speak, what strange stories would it not reveal regarding the many changes which have taken place during the last seventy years in the making of menus! When King Edward was born, Gargantuan repasts were still the fashion, and in Royal Palaces the profusion and consequent waste were something amazing. Now, thanks in a great measure to our popular Sovereign's own example, even the most elaborate of great State banquets is restricted to more sensible proportions.

### *The Prince of Wales's New Motor.*

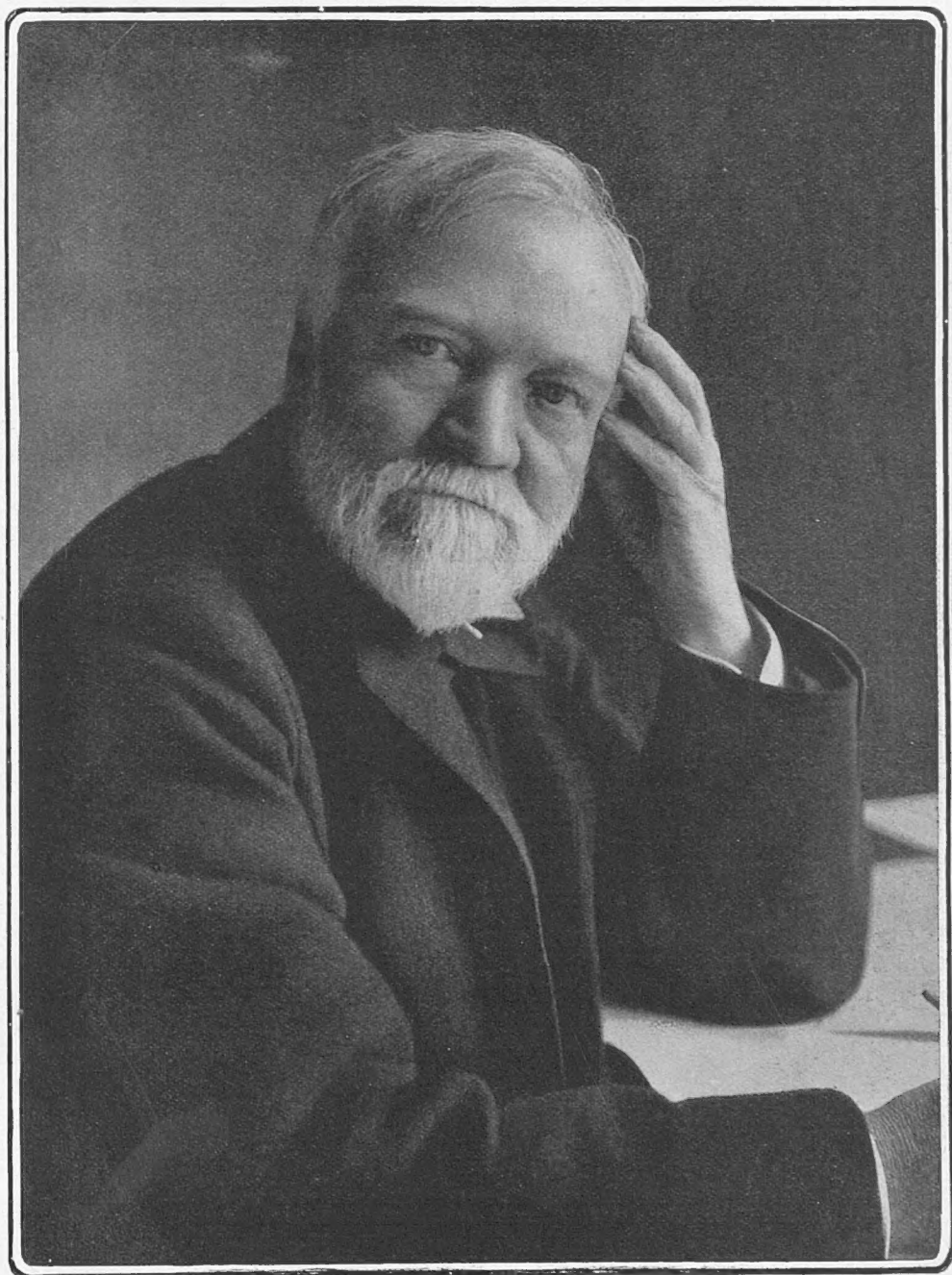
The Prince of Wales has joined in a serious sense the great army of motorists, and that he has done so will probably be a gratification to the King, who was one of the first to realise the great importance of the horseless-carriage industry. His Royal Highness's new motor-car is a Daimler; of course, of British make. It will accommodate seven passengers, and is ingeniously provided with a detachable canopy. One sees the moment coming when Royal personages will elect to entirely travel by private motor-car, and, when this comes to pass, many railway officials will have reason to be sorrowful, for Royalty has always shown itself lavishly generous to those who look to their comfort when travelling.

### *Mr. Carnegie Himself Again.*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has proved himself as lavish in the matter of doctors' fees as in the provision of Free Libraries. His illness was, fortunately, not as serious as certain alarmists would have had us believe, but it was serious enough in Mr. Carnegie's eyes to warrant the offer of a record fee to the doctor who attended him at his sister's residence on Cumberland Island,

the refusal of which fee has enriched Princeton University, of which the physician is a graduate, by two hundred thousand pounds. America's philanthropic millionaire *par excellence* is now himself again, presumably planning the distribution of more libraries, and possibly contemplating the erection of the much-paragraphed Palace of Peace. Mr. Dooley, by the way, has just had something to say to Hennessy concerning Mr. Carnegie and his gifts. "A Carnaygie libry," says the genial humorist, "is archytechoor, not lithrachoer. Lithrachoer will be ripsrinted. Th' mos' cillybrated dead authors will be honored be havin' their names painted on th' wall in distinguished comp'ny, as thus: 'Andhrew Carnaygie, Shakespeare, Andhrew Carnaygie, Byron, Andhrew Carnaygie, Bobby Burns, Andhrew Carnaygie,' and so on. . . . That's th' dead authors. Th' live authors will stand outside an' wish they were dead." Mr. Dooley, also, like certain ratepayers, does not believe in libraries. In his opinion, "Libries niver encouraged lithrachoer anny more than tombstones encourage livin'."

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, better known in England as the Duke of Albany, will go in a fortnight's time to Gotha to study the laws of the country over which he will soon have to rule. He will stay at the Schloss Fridenstein and will be accompanied by his mother.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Taken by E. H. Mills.



*The Papal Jubilee.* All Christendom may be said to share the interest felt in the venerable Pope's Jubilee, which is now being celebrated with such extraordinary pomp in Rome. Leo XIII., both as Papal diplomatist and as Bishop, made a point of cultivating English acquaintances, and accordingly many well-known Englishmen

and Englishwomen belonging to a generation just younger than his own remember him vividly in the days when he was simply the charming and courtly Monsignor Pecci. The Pope, on the occasion



POPE LEO XIII.

Photograph by Conjugi Canè, Rome.

of his Jubilee, was carried into St. Peter's in his wonderful new sedan-chair, the *sedia gestatoria*, which was the Jubilee gift of his Privy Chamberlains, and it is said that there has never been a more solemn and gorgeous ceremonial than was seen last week in the great basilica.

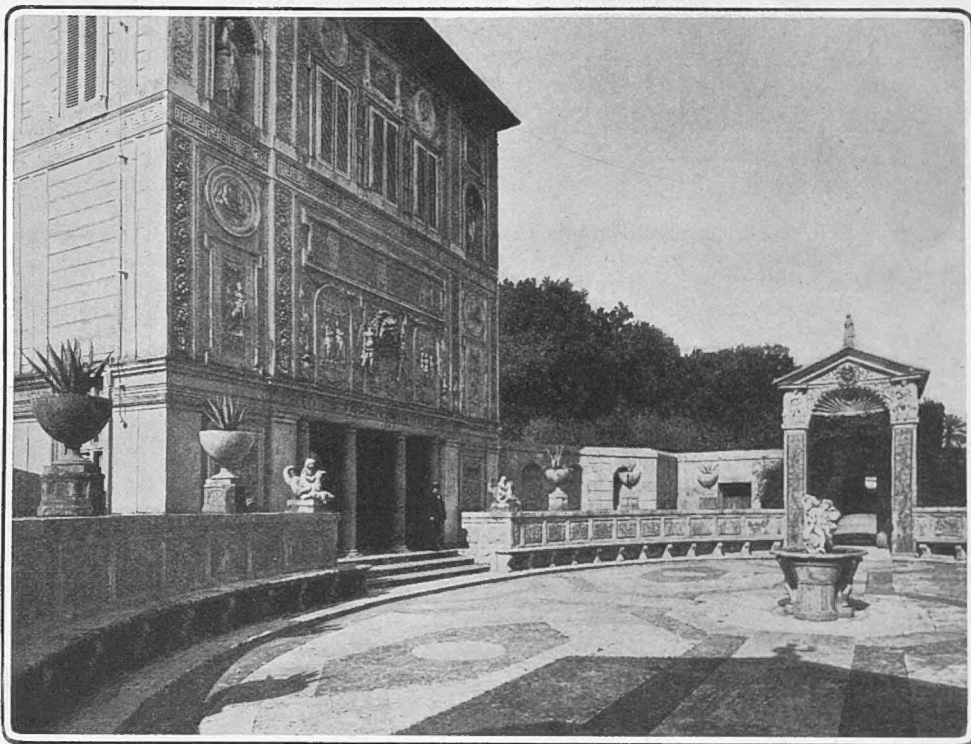
#### A Quaint Little Story.

The story goes that, some twenty years ago, a French Bishop, on taking leave of His Holiness, observed, with emotion, "Adieu. We shall not meet on this side of the grave, for, though I have hopes of coming back to Rome in twelve years from now, it is not likely that I shall find your Holiness still here to greet me." The Pope looked at him amiably, and, shaking his head, observed, "If your Eminence should indeed come back, you will find me here ready to receive you." And what is, perhaps, more extraordinary, the deferred meeting actually *did* take place some years ago; but, whereas the Bishop had become an extremely aged and tottering old man, the Pope seemed to have scarcely altered in the interval which had elapsed.

#### Vatican Tickets.

The whole of fashionable Rome has suddenly gone stark, staring mad (writes my Rome Correspondent). Every single one of the many hundreds of visitors, mostly English and American, is in a perfect frenzy of excitement, frantically rushing round to every friend who is at all suspected of being "in" with the "Black Party," and trying thus to obtain a "tribune" ticket for St. Peter's for the great function held there to celebrate the close of the Pope's Jubilee. A "tribune" ticket, I may here explain, is a ticket admitting bearer to a reserved place whence it is possible to see, and see comfortably, the whole ceremony. These tickets are procurable only through the kind offices of Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and other high dignitaries. All other tickets are as nothing in comparison with these greatly coveted prizes: the ordinary tickets of admission involve painful, tedious fighting for admission within the building, and quite two hours' weary waiting outside before that admission is procured.

This year, the number of tickets to the "tribunes" is, for some reason or other, exceptionally limited. This limitation has caused much ill-blood in Vatican circles, and loud complaints are being heard

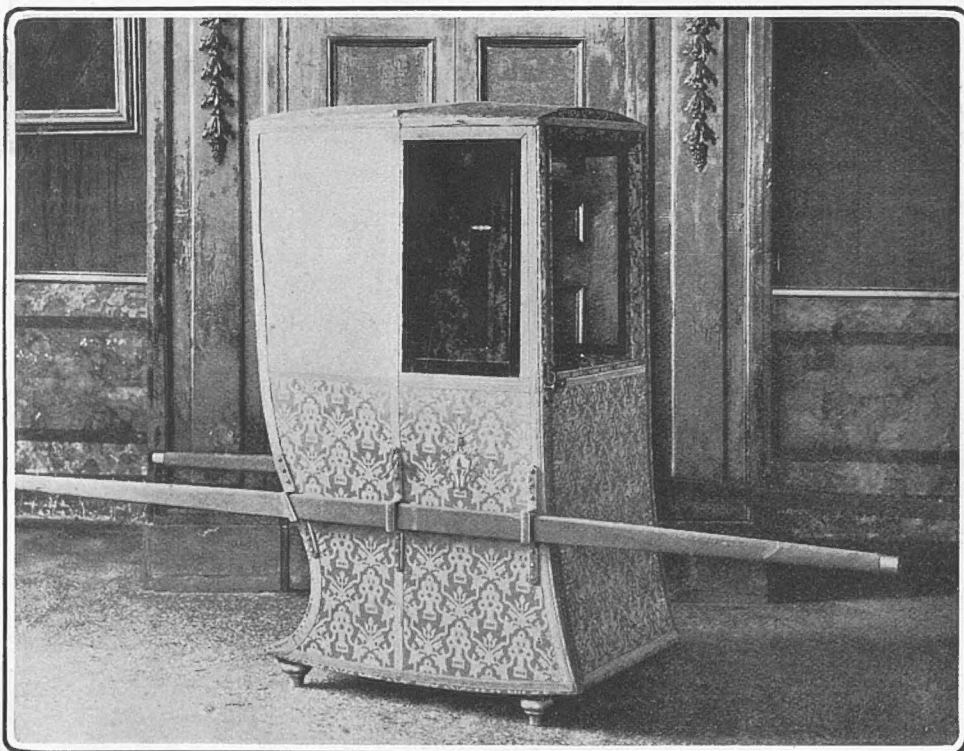


IN THE VATICAN GARDENS: THE ROTUNDA AND CASINO.

at the very arbitrary behaviour of the Pope's Major-domo. The latter curtly informed one of his own superiors this week that he must be content with half the number of tickets which he had asked for, and the said superior was, in reality, forced to go away discomfited from the Major-domo's office. The ordinary tickets are being circulated in hundreds, in forged and falsified form, by guides and others, and many genuine tickets have, it is said, been stolen by the Vatican servants; they are then sold to English visitors at as much as thirty francs apiece. Hotel-porters, too, buy up large quantities and then make huge profits. Of course, all tickets are supposed to be obtained gratis and through proper application at headquarters, but this is the ideal and not the real state of affairs.

#### M. Giron.

I hear that, while M. Giron and the Crown Princess of Saxony were at Mentone, the former received several good offers of engagements for the Variety stage. One New York impresario offered him two hundred pounds a-night to "walk on," and there were other offers, of considerably smaller value, from Paris and Berlin. It can only be supposed that these suggestions were made for the sake of the momentary advertisement attaching to them and were not intended to be taken seriously. I heard of one Manager who wished to secure a series of cinematograph pictures of the Princess and M. Giron, taken as they went about Mentone, and was really determined to arrange it until the insuperable difficulties in the way were brought home to him. One cannot help thinking with some uneasiness of what Variety Theatres would be like if the offers made to people who have become notorious were accepted as freely as they are made.



THE POPE'S NEW SEDAN-CHAIR.



### Mr. Chamberlain's Home-Coming.

The conclusion of the Colonial Secretary's South African tour—as he himself put it, an unprecedented experiment for a Minister in the position he occupied to undertake—has resulted in a pæan of praise as noteworthy as, in the estimation of the majority, it is deserved. Mr. Chamberlain has once again proved himself the “strong” man. He has gained that experience that can only be gained by personal investigation, and he returns with a general knowledge of affairs in our newest Colonies which must prove of immense value to the Government, and through it to the people who so recently came under its sway. Mr. Chamberlain has had to tackle some very awkward questions, and it says much for his abilities as statesman and diplomatist— rôles which are too seldom found in combination—that he returns to England with a considerably enhanced reputation. Rumour has it—and in this case rumour probably does not lie—that Mr. Chamberlain will be offered a Peerage upon his arrival home. He will, of course, gracefully refuse it, for such a reception as the City of London, for instance, is waiting to offer him is much more to his liking, especially as he is credited with the desire to emulate Pitt, and not to hide a name which he has rendered great under a coronet. It is, nevertheless, said that a title may soon come to the family—by post.

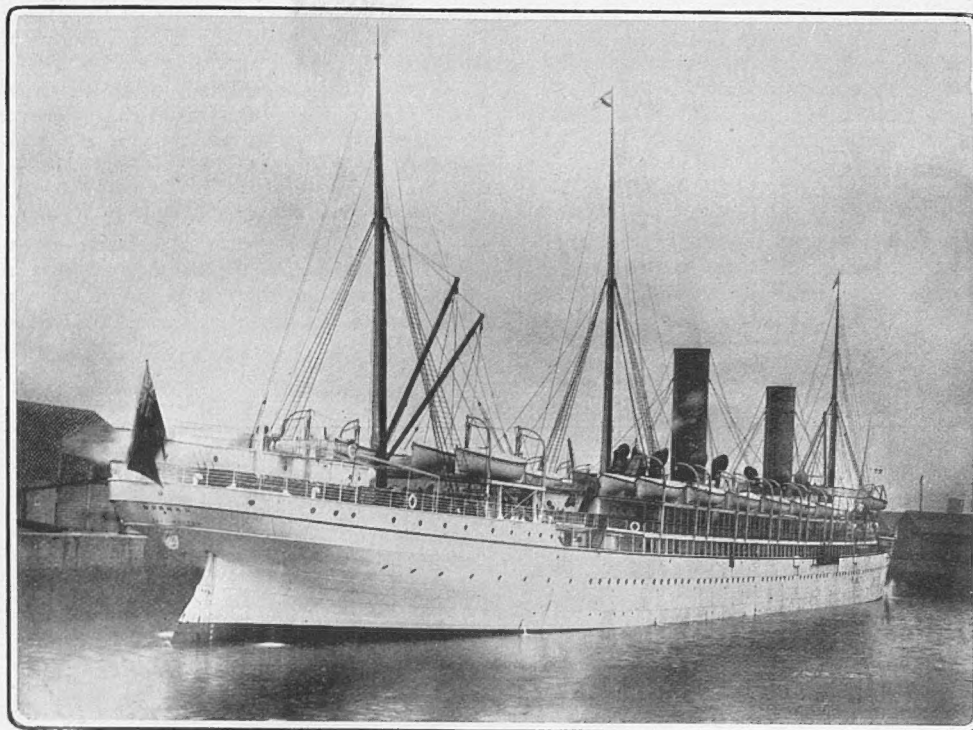
The Czar and Czarina have just given a magnificent fancy-dress ball as the principal festivity of the spring season at St. Petersburg.

Three hundred invitations were issued, and the ball began at half-past eight. The Sovereigns entered the ball-room at nine o'clock, the Czar representing the Czar Alexis Michaelovich, in an undress uniform embroidered with gold, and the Czarina wearing a costume of the Empress Marie, the first wife of the Czar Alexis. The dress was of gold brocade shot with silver, and the crown consisted of magnificent diamonds and emeralds.

The Czar and Czarina and their guests went in procession to the theatre of the Hermitage, where a theatrical performance was given, and, after supper, the ball was opened by a national dance in which sixteen couples took part. After the cotillon, the ball was wound up at two o'clock in the morning with another Russian dance.

From the Riviera I hear renewed complaints of the way in which thieves prey on travellers in the towns along the French and Italian shores of the Mediterranean. It is said, I hope not with justice, that some of the officials are in league with the robbers, and that that is why no redress is forthcoming. The railway along the Riviera passes through many tunnels, all of which are very badly

lighted, and this gives the thieves an opportunity of which they take every advantage. If the authorities do not make some decided effort to put an end to this state of things, they will find that the English have deserted their holiday resorts for others in which travellers are properly protected against this sort of robbery. Egypt and Jamaica are both making a strong bid for the custom of those who winter abroad, and they both have the advantage of being under the British flag.



THE UNION-CASTLE LINER “NORMAN,” IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



NEW SOUTH AFRICAN PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.

Taken by Duffus Brothers, Cape Town, and published by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside, E.C.



*Motoring at  
Warwick Castle.*

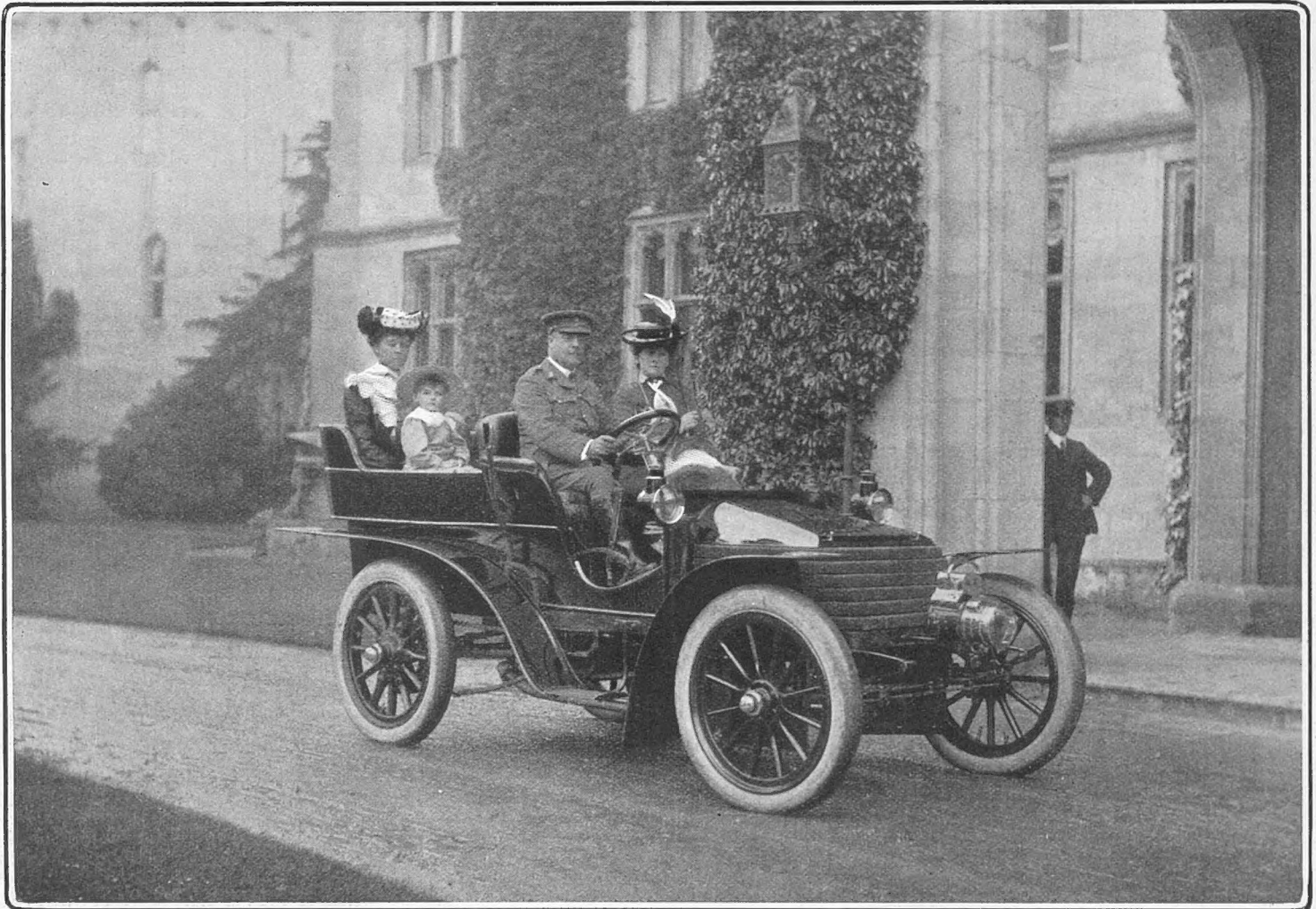
Lord and Lady Warwick have taken up the horseless carriage with great energy, and they are both expert drivers of these New Century vehicles. Lady Warwick is often seen driving about in her horseless phaeton in the neighbourhood of Warwick Castle; she is generally accompanied by her beautiful little son, Maynard Greville, one of the few godchildren of the late Cecil Rhodes. It is strange to notice how many keen sportsmen and sportswomen have become owners of motor-cars. Lord Warwick's favourite form of outdoor amusement is fishing, and, perhaps, he will find his automobile useful in seeking out new reaches in those Irish salmon-rivers of which he early discovered the charm. Lady Warwick is one of the best of lady whips in the kingdom, and she is among the few women in Society who can handle a team in a thoroughly workmanlike fashion.

*The German  
Navy League.*

It is interesting to note the methods by which the German Navy League has awakened a measure of public interest in German naval development that makes the natives think more about battleships than of the taxes that will be required to support them. The cinematograph is largely employed by lecturers in the service of the League, who go from town

who is married to a foreigner ought to be accredited to the country from which his wife came. Baron von Sternburg, being reminded of this opinion, took occasion to refer to Prince Bismarck's dictum as "antiquated." Unfortunately for him, the late Chancellor has a very large following in Germany to this day, and the young Ambassador's indiscretion has aroused so much excitement that some leading papers have demanded his recall, and the German Foreign Office has been compelled to take notice of the incident. A gentleman who had some diplomatic experience in America told me that it is the most difficult country in the world for the diplomat who has been trained in European Courts. The absence of rigid form and strict etiquette, the curious position and attitude of the newspapers, together with the democratic leanings of Ministers and Senators, are quite bewildering to the average man, and my informant's opinion was that, considering these things, diplomatic contretemps were really very few.

*Russian Diplomacy.* If Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, does not receive some very special mark of his Imperial master's favour, he will not get his deserts. Since he undertook his mission of inquiry at the beginning of the winter, his diplomatic progress has been one long triumph. He



LORD AND LADY WARWICK AT WARWICK CASTLE.

*Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.*

to town and exhibit a series of pictures in three parts. First, they show the life in native naval-yards and on ships-of-war, then the German and British Fleets are compared, and the pictures come to an end with a series depicting the Boer Generals on their recent tour in Germany. This last series is accompanied by explanations in which the British action in the Transvaal is treated on popular "Pro-Boer" lines. The net result of these Navy League lectures is to increase the German desire for a Navy and develop the native Anglophobia. While the Government in Berlin looks with a perfectly friendly eye upon this procedure, it is prompt to resent and repel any suggestion that the German naval policy is directly or indirectly hostile to Great Britain. Strangest fact of all, there are not wanting people of reputed sense holding official positions in this country who accept the assurances from Berlin in good faith.

*German Diplomats  
in America.*

What is there in the atmosphere of Washington that makes German Ambassadors indiscreet? Dr. von Holleben came to grief very badly indeed, though he was one of the most painstaking and devoted men in the Diplomatic service of his country, and his successor, Baron Speck von Sternburg, who has not been two months in office, has already succeeded in giving great offence at home. He is married to an American lady, and Prince Bismarck's opinion was that no diplomatist

began by conquering Austrian suspicions; he went on to assure the Balkan Revolutionary Committees, through their masters, that they must keep quiet and not endanger European peace; he has composed a very fair paper-scheme of Macedonian reforms, and has ended by shifting the responsibility for war on to the weak shoulders of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and by giving the Slav States to understand they exist and are maintained by Russian sacrifices. In spite of the great wit and wisdom of Count Goluchowski, Austria finds herself in the second place, and Russia posing as the real protector of the Balkans, in spite of the facts that the Note to the Porte came officially from Russia and Austria together and that Austria has done more to produce peace in Bosnia and Herzegovina than Russia has been able to do anywhere. Since, for once, Russian diplomacy is not achieving a triumph at the expense of Great Britain, our admiration may be unmixed with regrets. The only sympathy needed is for the Turks who are persecuted by the Revolutionary bands, and the harmless Macedonians who suffer the vengeance of the Turk.

*The Riviera.*

The Bazaar at Nice for the benefit of the Anglo-American Hospital, which is to be established as a memorial of Queen Victoria, was so successful that about a thousand pounds will be added to the funds. Mentone, Monte Carlo, Beaulieu, and other favoured resorts had their special stalls at the Bazaar, and the



Mentone contribution was close upon one hundred and fifty pounds. The Bazaar was open for two days, and on the first day there were nearly three thousand visitors. Certainly the pleasure-seekers to the Littoral do not forget the claims of charity. The Monte Carlo Casino is giving a weekly series of Classical Concerts for the benefit of local charities; and, as the tickets cost half-a-crown and the attendance is large, the results should be substantial. The Opera is very successful, as it ought to be, seeing that Madame Calvé, Tamagno, and Renaud are the bright particular "stars." Count Harcourt's new opera, "Le Tasse," has been succeeded by Massenet's "Herodiade" and Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," and, down to the present, subscribers have testified unmistakably to their satisfaction with the programme and the way it has been carried out. "Herodiade" is an early opera of Massenet's; it was produced in Brussels some years ago, but has not been given in Paris or London. The love of Salome for John the Baptist is the pivot of the story.

*A Fair Motorist.* Lady Cecil Scott Montagu, the pretty wife of the popular Member of Parliament who seems to have taken the horseless carriage under his very special protection, was one of the first titled Englishwomen who woke up to the delights of the horseless carriage. At "Beaulieu," her own and her husband's beautiful place in the New Forest, is the most perfect set of motor-stables

Iberian Peninsula, and it is not difficult for any visitor to Spain or Portugal who has fair credentials to obtain the permission necessary to enable him to shoot in places that would be strictly preserved in



THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN.

*Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.*

Great Britain. Queen Amelia of Portugal, whose health is not in a satisfactory state, has left for a two months' trip in the Mediterranean on the Royal yacht, accompanied by her two sons.

*A Pretty  
Marchioness.*

The title of Marchioness is one of the prettiest in the Peerage, and among those ladies who have the right to bear it, few are at once so pretty and so clever as Lady Camden, one of the many accomplished granddaughters of the venerable Marquis of Abergavenny. Through his mother, Lord Camden, who is just over thirty, is descended from the great Duke of Marlborough; his marriage to Miss Joan Nevill took place three years ago, and they are the parents of a beautiful child, the Earl of Brecknock.



LADY CECIL SCOTT MONTAGU.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

in existence, and attached to these is a marvellous tank capable of holding enough oil to keep most of the motors in the kingdom supplied with working power for some considerable time. Lady Cecil has several motors of her own, and during the last few years she and her husband have disdained the slow and cumbersome railway as a mode of conveyance; instead, they dart hither and thither in their automobiles. The motor industry certainly owes Lady Cecil a large debt of gratitude, for many of her friends have followed her example, and, now, to be without a motor-carriage of some sort is to be out of fashion.

*Dom Carlos.* The King of Portugal continues to delight his subjects with exhibitions of the skilled marksmanship that attracted so much admiration when he was over in England last year. Dom Carlos is one of the few men who can hit a driven bird with a rifle, a test of shooting powers from which the bulk of first-class shots would shrink. One of his favourite pursuits is wildfowl-shooting, a sport that may be obtained under most favourable conditions on the *ribalejo* of the Tagus. The river is free from punt-guns, shooting is comparatively a modern pastime in Portugal, and the large flocks of birds to be met among the marshes and shallows recall sport in the fen-lands in the days of which our grandfathers were wont to speak. In order to pursue the birds with greater ease and comfort, Dom Carlos has just purchased a small, shallow-draught steam-yacht that will take him into the least accessible haunts of the birds. Very good wildfowling is to be obtained all over the



MR. A. B. WALKLEY, DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE "TIMES."

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")

*Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



### Marlborough House.

The necessary alterations at Marlborough House have kept the Prince and Princess of Wales out of their new London home for a long while, but things are now approaching completion, and the Prince and Princess will be able to leave York House, St. James's Palace, for Marlborough House in the first week in April. The house has not always been the London home of the Prince of Wales, for in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign it was occupied by Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, and King Edward was the first Prince of Wales who ever lived there.

*The Model Session.* The House of Commons is conducting itself with the utmost propriety. Business is being transacted at a rate which alarms Mr. Willie Redmond. Meantime, his brother, the long-headed leader of the Nationalists, sits in a corner-seat and watches the proceedings with a patient smile. While he waits for the Land Bill he gives British members a practical proof of the conveniences of conciliation. There are no painful scenes; discussion is calm but not interesting, pointed but not passionate; and members who have been silent for years are finding their voices and seeking the Speaker's eye. Obstruction is almost forgotten.

### The New Fourth Party.

It may be composed of many more than four members, and it may really be the sixth Party, seeing that we have already Conservatives, Liberal-Unionists, Liberals, Liberal-Imperialists, and Nationalists, but even the Parliamentarians think of Mr. Churchill and his associates as the successors of Lord Randolph's historical group. It is a wing of the Conservative Party and its chief function is to apply pressure to the Conservative leaders. Sir John Gorst, one of the three survivors of the Fourth Party which confronted Mr. Gladstone and badgered Sir Stafford Northcote, is again a free-lance below the Gangway, fearlessly criticising the Government. His tongue is as sharp as ever, and long administrative experience has added greatly to his information and power.

### "And Thou, Lord Hugh!"

The Prime Minister may have felt a personal pang—if there are pangs in politics—when his cousin, Lord Hugh Cecil, rose to join in the attack on the Government for not disfranchising "Colonel" Lynch's constituency. It was all very well for the noble Lord last year to criticise the Education Bill. That was within his peculiar domain. The fact that he has associated himself with the Independents below the Gangway this Session shows that he does not allow cousinly affection to influence his Parliamentary conduct. Mr. Balfour and Lord Hugh treat one another with elaborate respect, but the noble Lord is not afraid to make a sharp thrust at the Prime Minister.

### Frau Rosa Bertens.

Twice within the last three weeks has the King visited the little German Theatre in Great Queen Street. And no wonder. Frau Rosa Bertens, the bright particular "star" of the foremost Berlin theatre, has been in London for a few days and drawn crowded houses with her remarkable impersonation of Beate in Sudermann's latest success, "The Joy of Living." Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to produce this piece in the autumn. Frau Bertens "created" its heroine in Berlin, where she has returned to resume her part in Maxim Gorki's weird drama, "The Casual Ward." Frau Bertens leaves London with one regret. So generous and unanimous has been her reception by Press and public that she "would like to show the people of London what she really can do." And, in view of the wonderful variety of her repertoire, one shares her regret. From *Æschylus* to Gorki is a long step; but Frau Bertens has played Clytemnestra in the "Agamemnon," has triumphed as Lady Macbeth, is an acknowledged interpreter of Schiller, Hauptmann, Tolstoy, and D'Annunzio. Next spring she hopes to return and give us a genuine taste of her quality. Frau Bertens is married to a well-known Berlin journalist—the gentleman, indeed, whose hard-hitting reply to Kipling's "Rowers" appeared in most of the English papers.



FRAU ROSA BERTENS.  
Photograph by Hoffert, Berlin.

America has sent us many things in the past, and is likely to send us even more in the future. Most of these have been for our good, and, though the famous nutmegs were said to be "wooden," that quality has never been imputed to the jockeys from the "other side." Indeed, they have revolutionised the methods of our riders in more ways than one, for not only have English horsemen adopted the American seat in the saddle, but they have learnt to copy the habit of riding a horse for all he is worth. This, however, by the way. The American papers have recently published sensational accounts of the feats of little Winnie O'Connor, a rider who, though he has reached his twenty-first year, scales only a trifle over seven stone. "Winnie" is the son of a retired New York stockbroker, and it is claimed that he sits closer to the horse's ears than any other jockey in the world. He has been engaged to ride exclusively for Baron Alphonse de Rothschild for the next three years, and his retaining-fee for that period is said to be no less than seven thousand pounds.

### To-day's Horse Show.

The King heads a long list of exhibitors at the Nineteenth Annual Show of the Hunters' Improvement Society, which opened at the Agricultural Hall yesterday. The show lasts till to-morrow, and on Friday and Saturday the Polo and Riding Pony Society will meet at the same place. Twenty-eight King's premiums are offered for the Hunters' Show, but the entries are rather fewer than they have been for the past two years. On the other hand, the Pony Show entries show a considerable increase.

### An Absent-Minded Poacher.

An amusing incident is reported from Scarborough. A man was taken into custody on the charge of poaching on Lord Derwent's estate. Strongly protesting his innocence, he was marched off, walking with apparent difficulty. Suddenly a full-grown hare slipped from under his clothes. Strange to say, neither the obtuse policeman nor the Bench would believe the poor fellow's protestations that the hare was in that peculiar situation without his knowledge.



WINNIE O'CONNOR, THE AMERICAN JOCKEY ENGAGED TO RIDE FOR BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Thérèse is Knitting.* Madame Humbert for the moment seems to me to be Madame Defarge in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," who was always knitting in names of victims for the guillotine (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It seems that she kept her dossiers, and every night before sleeping, after a big banquet, she noted in the names of her visitors, the nature of their conversation, and particularly their financial proposals. This is the Damoclean sword that she holds over the mighty in the land. Since her wiping-out of the arch-millionaire, Cattau, she roars with laughter as she goes through these notes, written on the spot, and gloats over future easy victims.

He has fallen into the habit of being taxed to death; he knew from the commencement that gas at half-price was a slowery electioneering swindle; but he is loyal, is the Parisian, towards his boulevards. He sees them converted into dangerous railway-cuttings by the Metropolitan, and hideous to the eye. Therefore it is asked, when is this to end? It has taken seven years to construct one line, and there are six more to be made. It is expected that the Municipal Council will intervene. This much, I know, is certain: if it were not for Chauvinism, English or American engineers would be asked to clear up the muddle.

When I first met Alfred Capus, he lived in the Rue des Martyrs, fairly high up and in an appartement looking on the courtyard. That was before "La Veine," that spelt fortune and made him the fashionable playwright of the New Century. I cannot follow Capus in his public pronouncements that he is an optimist. At any rate, I have never seen a man that so little suggested the character. He is pale, and even sallow. His lips are thin, his head is bald, and through his eye-glass flashes a coal-black eye. There is nothing that suggests the optimist, but he affirms that he is. Everything comes to the man who knows how to wait, he claims, and certainly his patience is absolutely Homeric. The rebuff extended to his "Beau Jeune Homme" at the Variétés last week in no way disconcerts him. With the spring in sight, he will retire to his farm at Amboise, in no way disconcerted that his astounding run of luck has been broken. The play is loose and fearfully drawn-out. Capus has only to rest and grasp the fact that no mortal man can keep the Nouveautés, the Variétés, and the Renaissance perpetually supplied with new plays.

*English Royalty in Paris.* Save for the Duke of Connaught, who has a charming little week-end château at Saint Cloud, English Royalty has been rare in its Paris visits for the last few years. Accordingly, the coming of Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian excited very keen interest and was accepted as the augury of an approaching voyage of the King southwards. The Royal visitors spent an unusually long time in the Conciergerie; but, to be honest, it was not, as pretended, passed in the cell of

Marie Antoinette, but in a more up-to-date study of the Humberts in their very comfortable quarters. I give it only as an *on dit*, but in Paris the possibility of a marriage between Princess Beatrice and the Duc d'Alençon, whose wife perished so tragically in the Charity Bazaar catastrophe, is openly discussed.

*Réjane's New Role.* I was by no means fascinated by "Hereuse," at the Vaudeville, although the acting of Réjane was splendid. Since Paul and Victor Margueritte started the campaign

in favour of a divorce by mutual consent, the question has been somewhat overdone in all directions. Hennequin gives a play in which, intentionally or not, a woman's affection is held up to ridicule. At least, so I understood it. The wife betrays her husband because he is a rough gentleman-farmer who smokes his pipe in the salon and is generally unpleasant to her refined senses. Divorced, she marries her former lover, and then falls again in love with her ex-husband. The reason? Because he is dressed by a fashionable tailor, is groomed by an excellent valet, and is now a man-about-town. It is amusing as a satire, but the question is whether that was what the authors were driving at.

It would have been as well if the Directors of the new Moulin Rouge had got rid of the old name. I was present at the opening night, and there was nothing to suggest the entertainment behind the blazingly lit sails of the old mill of other days. M. Flers says frankly that his ambition is to establish a hall in Paris that would compare with the luxury of London music-halls. This he has attempted, but hardly realised. The restaurant at the Alcazar d'Été or the Ambassadeurs is pleasurable because it is in the open air. At the Moulin, which never laid much claim to ventilation, the air and the food alike partake of heaviness. The *revue* is distinctly well-mounted and very *spirituelle*. To me, I must confess, the whole show seemed topsy-turvy. Something seemed missing in every corner. No "Grille

d'Egout," no "Môme Fromage," no Serpolette, no Valentin. It seemed like trying to be gay while one was falling over tombstones, and I, as a matter of fact, found this a task quite beyond my feeble powers.

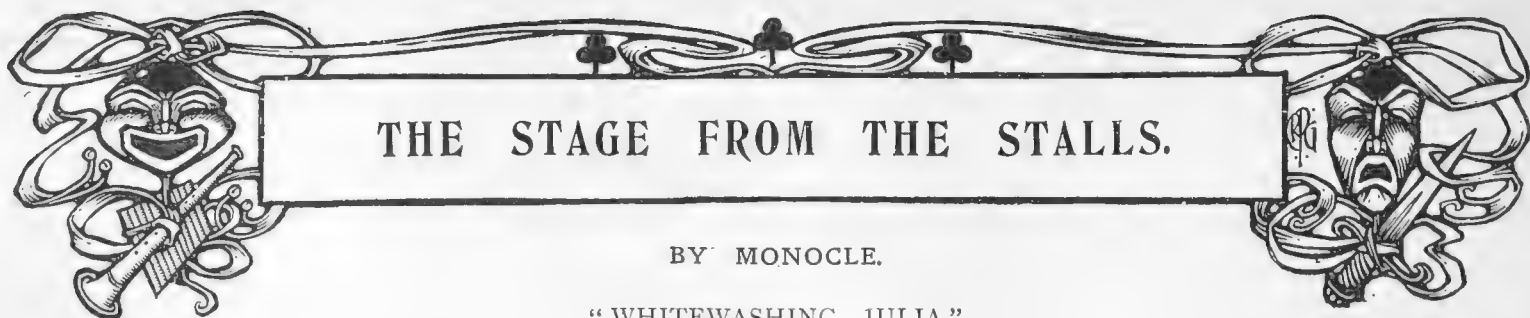
*Yvette's Novel.* I was in no way surprised to find that "Les Demi-Vielles," by Yvette Guilbert, is a very powerful contribution to theatrical literature. It is intensely human. The vague love of an actress past the forties for a young playwright—indifferent at first, and then passionate, as she sees his affection cooling—is well described. The charm to the man who knows the *coulisses* of the theatre is the easy, haphazard fashion in which Yvette throws in experiences and impressions. There are many well-known names suggested as the actual author, but I fancy that Yvette wrote it herself.



MIDDLE. LOLITA, A FAVOURITE AT THE PARIS OLYMPIA.

Photograph by Reutlinger.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"WHITEWASHING JULIA."

THERE are worthy people who pay rates and owe income-tax to whom the idea of "selling" or "catching" a person is quite delightful. You have to be on your guard against them, and regard with suspicion any question they may put to you: if they ask how many beans make five, and you incautiously answer "Five," they will reply that every fool knows that, and laugh with joy at having "sold" you. They will tell you elaborate stories, and, when you ask what the point is, roar with laughter and explain that the point is that there is none. One of them saved his life by the famous story with the eternally recurrent phrase "and another locust came and took another grain of corn," though I suspect that the Oriental monarch, whilst keeping strictly within the terms of his bargain, had him suppressed painfully upon some other grounds. "Whitewashing Julia" seems to belong to the "sell" or "catch" plays—a new type, I fancy—and possibly the real reason for the exclusion of the *Times* was the feeling that it would be too audacious to play such a joke upon the greatest journal in the world. Otherwise we might have had a learned explanation of the elaborate mystification, a jest which would have delighted the hero of one of Poe's stories, and, perhaps, have been treated to chapter and verse from the work of the critical pundit who first propounded the proposition that the dramatist may have no mysteries from his audience. No doubt, some puzzling plays have been successful. It is commonly conceded that everybody in the world has a different opinion as to the exact degree of Hamlet's madness. Moreover, learned people—of the German persuasion, I fancy—have considered it doubtful whether Ophelia was really virtuous, and have quoted against her the naughty songs that she sings. These, however, are cases of detail. Certainly nobody would pretend that "Othello" is one of the world's masterpieces if it were quite doubtful whether Desdemona had not been the mistress of Cassio or Roderigo, or both, and, therefore, whether Othello could not boast a sound excuse for suffocating her. One may pass by, without discomfort, the small point raised by Iago's half-hearted suggestion of his belief that the noble Moor had been over-intimate with Emilia, since it does not go to the heart of the drama. When, however, we are asked to take a deep interest in the fortunes of Julia, but yet left in the dark as to whether she was a much-maligned lady or a brazen baggage, reasonable bounds are outstepped. I deliberately range myself on the side of the Shantontburyites, who are pitilessly scorned by Mr. Arthur Jones, and say that the woman who does not choose to explain a public scandal justifies people who cut her. One does not expect a Cæsar's wife standard in modern women, but is entitled to send to the background ladies concerning whom compromising stories are repeated without contradiction or explanation by the person whom they concern.

Really, the play began brilliantly; this is the case with almost every work of its admirable author. Indeed, I am inclined to think that Mr. Arthur Jones makes a tactical error with his plays in giving such brilliant first Acts. In some cases, it is hardly conceivable that the work should not continue *diminuendo*, and I do not know any dramatist with such a gift for provoking curiosity and exciting interest by an introductory Act. At the first fall of the curtain on "Whitewashing Julia," there seemed no possible doubt about the success of the piece. We felt that she was a charming, brilliant woman, cruelly defamed by priggish, provincial busybodies, and that at the right moment her innocence would be vividly demonstrated, to the bitter humiliation of the uncharitable and utter downfall of the over-righteous. Into the bargain, there was the feeling that we were going to hear a prodigiously funny, rather shocking story—agreeably shocking, of course, and reasonably improper—concerning Julia, the powder-puff, the dressing-case, the lace dressing-jacket, and the foreign Duke. Clearly, the ladies of Shantontbury had enjoyed the story immensely, and it ought to possess some quasi-chastened flavour of a tale from "La Vie Parisienne," even if it came from Venice. We thought of the story and its obvious impropriety, and, like the heroine of Droz' wonderful book, we said, "Mon Dieu, protège moi, mais pas trop." Half the second Act was through before gloomy doubts began to come. We had passed several places where it seemed certain that we were going to hear that story, and each time it was postponed, and the cankering thought began to grow and the horrible doubt to rise whether the piece was not going to be a "sell," written voluntarily, or, perhaps, involuntarily, for it might be that the author had failed to invent a story sufficiently amusing to be told. After this, I must confess that the story became a kind of obsession with me. I heard every audible word of the play—the word "audible" ought to

be in italics—and I saw all that happened, but during the whole time my mind was beset by the thought of the story concerning the widow, the powder-puff and the dressing-bag, and the lace dressing-jacket and the foreign Duke. Even the chatter about a morganatic marriage seemed merely a red-herring across the trail. My mind was busy trying to think out the story for myself. It sounded like something from the "Arabian Nights"—a perfectly proper edition, of course, and not the naughty one that is being reissued with tactful suppressions. Even the question whether Julia really had or had not; even my profound ignorance concerning the late Mr. Wren—for, presumably, she was not Mrs. Wren, because of her affair with the Duke whose name reminds me of soap and an advertised sweet, though I can't recollect it exactly—even the ten minutes' scene of Will he, won't he? Will he, won't he? Will he burn the letter? could not get my thoughts away from the story of the lady who might or might not have been a widow, and the powder-puff and the dressing-case, and the lace dressing-jacket and the foreign Duke with the soapy-sweet name. The play became wonderfully thin at times, so thin as to make one disposed to fancy it could not have held together unless really made of gold, and the unravelling only tied the knot tighter, yet we could have forgiven all if at the eleventh hour—or rather, at the twelfth and a-quarter—Mr. Arthur Jones had told us the story. I suppose we shall never know the story; indeed, now I should avoid an opportunity of learning it, since I do not think that the finest tale ever written could quite satisfy such an intense curiosity as the author recklessly roused.

It may be that other people are less curious than I, and were able to listen to the piece without being worried about the powder-puff, &c., or by their ignorance concerning the late Mr. Wren, or their uncertainty as to Julia's guilt. Certainly there was a good deal of laughter in the theatre, and some passages showed the dramatist at his best. Yet I think that, even at his best, he has hardly the lightness of touch to get along successfully with such a trifling subject. Nor, indeed, had the principal players quite the delicacy of handling necessary for this kind of powder-puff pastry play, in which you get no forrader till you suddenly discover that you have something like a little attack of indigestion. It reminded me of a vegetarian banquet to which I was once invited, a lavish feast of "hay and cakes," which for a while produced a feeling of suffocation, swiftly followed by a craving for real food. Of course, a very clever playwright can give us a kind of *dîner maigre*—suitable in this season—from which one can rise with a pleased palate, a comfortable sense of satisfaction, and a substantial strengthening of the system. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, despite his great talent, is not one of these. He is best with a broadsword; when he handles the rapier, he is apt to hit you at times with the hilt in order to show he is strenuous.

Mr. Bouchier, too, seems to be hitting with the hilt when he talks of "a" Mr. Walkley, and speaks of him as dramatic "reporter." Few, I fancy, of those who read "A. B. W.'s" criticisms in the *Times*—and no one interested in drama can afford to miss them—will accept the idea that he tries to bully anyone or is animated by prejudice against any particular dramatist, and Achilles defying the lightning or Mrs. Partington and the ocean are figures that come into mind when thinking of Mr. Arthur Jones hurling defiance at the potentates in Printing House Square. It seems a pity there is no kind of tribunal other than the Law Courts before which quarrels between managers, critics, and authors could be discussed. The procedure occasionally adopted of excluding a particular critic, with the result of causing his paper to ignore the theatre in question, seems hard upon players in the Company who have a reasonable desire for publicity and no interest in the quarrel.

This brings me back to the acting in the new play, which is sound rather than brilliant. Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier played parts with which they and we are well acquainted, and it was hardly to be expected they should give any real touch of freshness. One can speak of their work as skilful but a little heavy and rather too elaborate. Miss Ethelwyn Arthur-Jones made a "hit" as a hoydenish girl, though there seemed a little exaggeration in her performance. Mr. Kenneth Douglas acted very well, and so did Miss M. Talbot in a very trying part of great importance to the piece. Miss Hilda Rivers played cleverly, and so did Mr. Sam. Sothern. Yet, on the whole, the performance seemed rather like the piece, a matter that easily escaped the mind. No sharp impression was made by the play or players, and I fear that my memory, at least, will store up nothing of "Whitewashing Julia" save the recollection of the untold tale.





MISS WINIFRED HARE IN THE REVIVAL OF "CHILPERIC" AT THE CORONET THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE,

DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

IT would seem as if the American invasion was bringing back to this country many quaint and charming old English words, among them those of "beau" and "belle." This spring will see, it is believed, the début of many exceptionally beautiful and charming "belles," among them Lady Marjorie Greville, the only daughter of the

Countess of Warwick, a New Century débutante whose happy fate it has been to see and know most of the remarkable Englishmen and Englishwomen of her time, from the great statesman so long and affectionately known as the "Grand Old Man," to that colossal builder of Empires, Cecil Rhodes.

Lady Marjorie Greville has been, of course, exceptionally fortunate in her surroundings, for her childhood and early girlhood have been spent between Warwick Castle—perhaps the most famous of all the stately homes of England—and Easton Lodge, her mother's paternal property in Essex. The Maynards were long one of the



LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

most popular families in the low-lying county which is once more the fashion, and it is natural that Lady Warwick should have wished her own young daughter to make her informal début in Essex, for it was at Easton Lodge that she herself, not so very many years ago last December, celebrated her eighteenth birthday, the occasion having been the excuse for a magnificent entertainment, one of the most brilliant affairs known in Essex for upwards of a generation. But, delightful as is her Essex home, Lady Marjorie undoubtedly prefers stately Warwick. It is there that she may be said to have really spent her life, there that she keeps her innumerable pets, there that she at one time regularly attended the classes of the town school, and there also that she has often helped her beautiful mother to entertain notable groups of all sorts and conditions of remarkable men and women.

With the exception of a short time in Paris, Lady Marjorie Greville has been entirely brought up under her mother's wing, and, in spite of Lady Warwick's well-known advanced views concerning the education and training of women—has she not herself been a Poor Law Guardian, and is not her most successful enterprise an Agricultural College for Women?—Lady Marjorie has led a very simple girlhood, constantly out of doors, and is not more learned than were most of her own mother's contemporaries. Lady Warwick's many-sided interests are well known; perhaps it will surprise some to learn that she is on intimate terms with Dr. and Mrs. Perowne, and the former, as Bishop of Worcester, confirmed Lady Marjorie in the exquisite private chapel which is one of the glories of Warwick Castle, though not generally shown to tourists.

Lady Marjorie has been brought up to consider with peculiar care the old-world proverb, "Waste not, want not." Many years ago, her mother wrote that, to her thinking, the great object of every person's life should be to utilise what would otherwise be waste time, wasted opportunities, waste of all kinds, there being nothing so sad and touching in this world as the waste that goes on all round. To use one's life, to use it to the full, to make the best of it, and, in the old phrase, to be a "faithful steward," that is the ideal which has been set before the young girl who is expected to be the most interesting débutante seen in London for many a long day.

The first ball at which Lady Marjorie was actually present, though she was at the time quite a child, was the grand *poudré* ball given at Warwick Castle in the early winter of 1895. On this occasion, Lady Warwick, who personated Marie Antoinette, was accompanied as train-bearer by her little daughter, dressed as a Louis XVI. shepherdess in white broché silk, with a white satin petticoat trimmed with white roses. It is easy to realise what a profound impression must have been produced on any childish imagination by what seems to have been a really wonderful scene, and surely it must have been rather hard to go back next day to everyday life and lessons!

Lady Marjorie Greville is certainly one of the last young people belonging to her generation who will, should she live to old age, be able to look back to the fact that as a girl she was an expert both as regards the old and the new modes of locomotion. Like Lady Warwick, she has long been a noted whip and a keen horsewoman; indeed, she can even drive a four-in-hand, an accomplishment rare among débutantes. Of late years she has become an enthusiastic chauffeuse, her gifts in this direction being shared by her parents and by her brother, Lord Brooke.

Lady Warwick's intense interest in agricultural matters has been shown even in the choice of her daughter's pets, for Lady Marjorie Greville is in these matters quite a country girl, and she has none of the fear generally shown by even country-bred young ladies at the approach of a cow or heifer, while among her pets are donkeys, goats, lambs, rabbits, every kind of tame bird, and dogs innumerable. In this connection a word may also be said of the coming débutante's love of gardening. Of late years horticulture has become quite a fashionable pastime, but gardens are not made in a day, and those at Warwick and at Easton, in which Lady Warwick and her daughter take so enthusiastic an interest, show signs of long and loving care.

Now, however, Lady Marjorie is about to leave simple country joys behind her, and to plunge in all the amusements and interests of a débutante's first Season. She is the eldest of a charming group of pretty cousins, the others being the daughters of the Duchess of Sutherland, of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, of Lord Rosslyn, and of Lady Angela Forbes. It is probable that the Duchess of Sutherland, whom many people consider the new débutante greatly resembles, will give at least one great ball at Stafford House in honour of her youthful niece.

It is rather a curious fact that Lady Warwick has not hitherto been known as a great London hostess. In honour, however, of their young daughter's début, Lord and Lady Warwick have taken Brook House for the coming Season. Brook House is one of the finest mansions in Park Lane, and one of the most suitable for entertaining on a large scale. An open colonnade, overlooking the great hall which is one of the most curious features of Brook House, connects the drawing-room with the ante-room and the ball-room, and every apartment contains exquisite works of art brought together by the present Lord Tweedmouth and his father. For a while, this famous little London palace—for such it may well claim to be—was occupied by the South African millionaire, Mr. J. B. Robinson, and his family, and in Coronation year Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the special American Envoy, took the house from its present owner. It is expected that several entertainments will take place at Brook House this coming Season.



LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE TAKING LESSONS IN DRIVING A FOUR-IN-HAND.

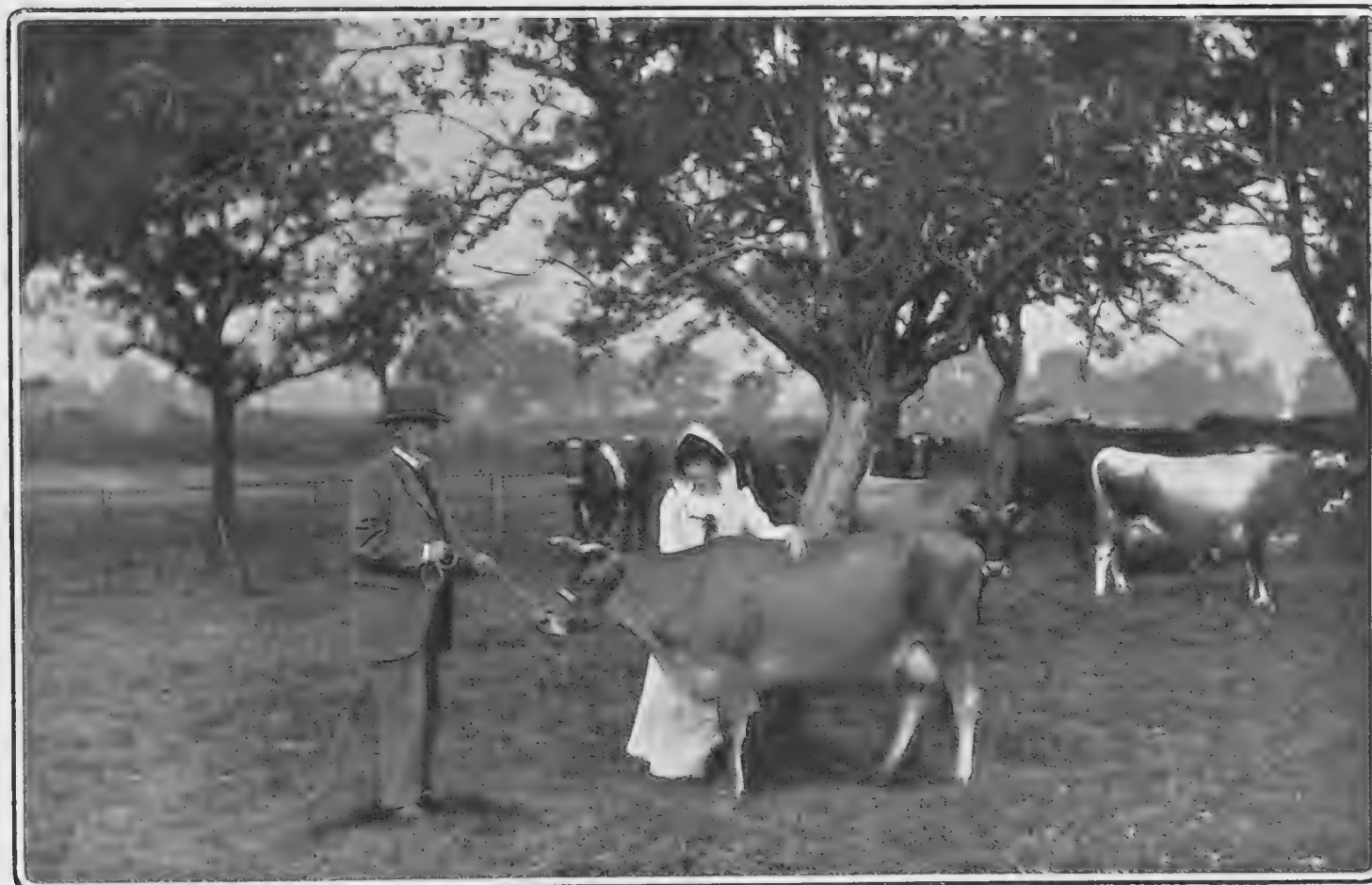
Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING DÉBUTANTES  
OF THE FORTHCOMING SEASON.



LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE IN HER MOTOR



LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE AND HER ALDERNEYS.

*Photographs by Reid, Wishaw*

## MEASURING THE RAIN:

## THE WORK OF THE BRITISH RAINFALL ASSOCIATION.

THE subject of rain is one of absorbing interest to the inhabitants of the British Isles. It is almost an inevitable topic of discussion in our diurnal conversation, in one form or another. It is well-nigh certain that an observation will be made concerning it, either as to the quantity we are having, or we have had, or the likelihood of its being imminent, and so forth; somewhat infrequently we may be found praying for it. It has even been ennobled into nursery rhyme, "Rain, rain, go away"—a mandate almost pathetic in its futility.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of our rainfall is the apparent difficulty, if not impossibility, of increasing the average. It may rain incessantly, day and night, for months on end, seemingly as it has never rained before in our individual knowledge, yet the average is still above us. This has been the case recently. We have had so much wet during the last few days that we all imagined, in our uninitiated minds, that a record had been created. "Oh dear, no!" blandly states the Official Measurer, "we are still well below the average." Perhaps statistics, which are credited with the capacity of proving anything, have accomplished the apparently impossible task: of rendering a recorded average unattainable.

Will you please imagine a depressingly dreary day, with the rain falling, falling incessantly and copiously from a pall of leaden clouds. This should cost you no great mental effort. You want to shut it altogether out of your mind, lest it afflict you with water on the brain. But in a house at Camden Square a man is taking a delightful interest in it. He is standing at a window, gazing out upon the deluge. This is Mr. H. Sowerby Wallis, F.R.M.S., and the house is the headquarters of the British Rainfall Association, which was founded by the late Mr. G. J. Symons—co-worker with Mr. Wallis—in the year 1860, and has since developed to very extensive proportions. About four thousand reports are received during a year, from the most remote corners of the British Isles.

The work of the Association is very intricate, and, in its technical phase, dry-as-dust to the non-official mind. It is, however, decidedly interesting from a general, superficial aspect. When I first approached the late Mr. Symons, proposing to give a description of his work to the reading public, his reply was laconically amusing, and ran, "Better not, for both our sakes!" We subsequently met, however, and discussed it.

Briefly and plainly, then, the rain is measured in the following manner. A gauge—a cylindrical metal contrivance, fitted at the top with a funnel—is fixed in the ground by means of four wooden stakes, and beside it is a long, graduated glass. The rain is caught in the funnel and passes into a receptacle below. From the latter it is periodically poured into the graduated glass, and the result registered upon a specially prepared and printed form. Thus you get the depth of rain in inches from period to period. This is the simplest form of gauge; but there is another, far more complicated and more interesting in its construction and working. It is self-measuring and self-registering. It is set in motion by two metal cups, which work on a

see-saw principle. When one cup is filled with rain, the weight of its contents carries it down, at the same time automatically emptying the rain into a receptacle below; coincidentally with this, the other cup rises, and, being filled in turn, descends to empty itself. And so on, turn and turn about. The up-and-down motion of the cups revolves a cylinder, round which is wound a printed form, on which a registering needle marks the accumulation of rain. Thus you may safely leave the contrivance to its own devices, all it is necessary for you to do being to occasionally remove the form from the cylinder and file it with your "results."

Another curious contrivance is one for measuring snow. The latter is caught in a large cup round which runs a hot-water chamber. When the cup is full, hot water is poured round it, melting it and causing it to run down into a receptacle below. It is then measured in a similar manner to rain, in a graduated glass. The *depth* of snow is not thus ascertained, but only the quantity of moisture that has fallen in the form of snow.

To measure the evaporation would seem to be a somewhat ambitious effort. Yet it is very simple. Rain is caught in a tank fixed in the ground, the top of which is but an inch or two from the ground. A special brass rule is thrust into the water at the side of the tank early in the morning and a depth taken; in the evening, another measurement is taken, and the difference between the two readings is the extent of the evaporation.

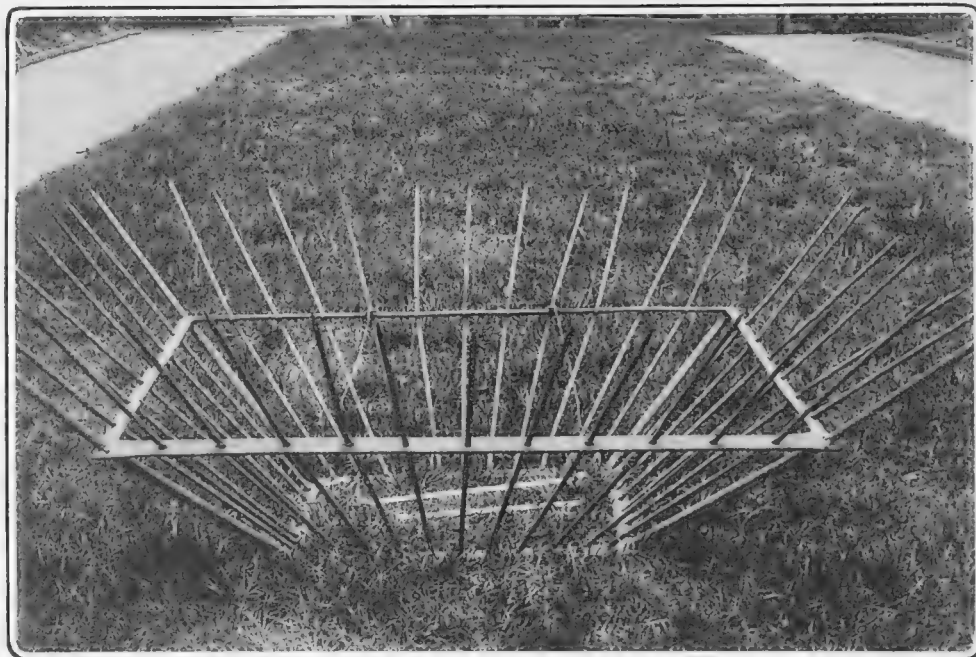
Very small and fragile are the grass-thermometers which are placed on the ground to ascertain surface temperature. They are surrounded by a formidable barrier of iron rods, slanting outwards, to protect them from the interference of cats. And it is not surprising

to learn that this precaution sometimes piques pussy's curiosity, and she occasionally climbs over to see why she shouldn't.

It is usually pleasant to turn from rain to sun. We will do so now. Although rain is a staple study with this Association, they are also interested upon occasions—the not too frequent occasions when he is on view—in our old friend Sol. They take his temperature in various ways, all of them interesting. There are thermometers with a white bulb, and those with a black bulb, the latter registering a greater intensity of heat than the former, just as, to employ a commonplace, you feel heat more in dark clothes than light. Another form of thermometer is made to register the temperature of the atmosphere independent of the direct influence of the sun, although it is shining at the time with all its midsummer intensity. This is accomplished by enclosing the instrument in a square hut arrangement, the sides of which are formed like Venetian blinds, the laths pointing downwards. Thus the air passes through, but the sun is excluded.

Many people undertake rain-measurement as a hobby and are in direct and constant communication with Camden Square. There are also salaried agents. At the end of the year, blank forms are sent all round, to be returned filled in with results. The latter are then embodied in an annual "Blue Book," which has grown since its birth something like the "London Directory." So fascinating is the subject of rain!

AQUA.



TWO THERMOMETERS FOR REGISTERING DEGREES OF FROST ON THE GRASS.

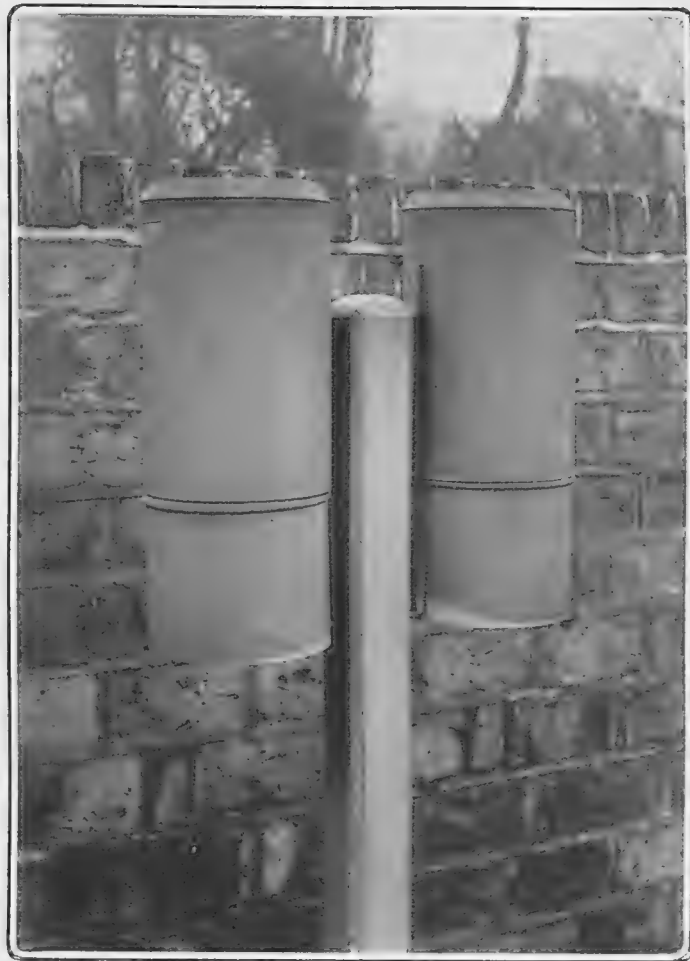
*Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.*



MEASURING THE RAIN.



STEVENSON THERMOMETER-SCREEN.



GERMAN RAIN-GAUGES.



STORM-GAUGE.



SNOW-GAUGE.

## SIR WALTER PARRATT, M.V.O.,

THE "MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSICK."

NEVER before have the two offices of the "Master of the King's Musick" and the organist to St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor—the King's Free Chapel of St. George, to give it its old and proper designation—been held by the same man until they were vested in Sir Walter Parratt, who not only holds them with honour, but adds a lustre to the appointments which, before him, were filled by some of the best-known musicians in the history of the country.

As organist of St George's Chapel, to which he was appointed in 1882, in succession to Sir George Elvey, Sir Walter has presided at the organ at all the great events which have taken place in that historic building—the christenings, the weddings, and the funerals, as well as the unveilings of memorials, and, in addition, at the request of Queen Victoria of beloved memory, he presided at the organ at the wedding of the Princess Charles of Denmark at Buckingham Palace.

Sir Walter used to be private organist to Queen Victoria, as he is now to the King, and in that capacity used often to go to Osborne and to Balmoral to play to her late Majesty, to whose musical taste, in his opinion, none of her biographers have ever done anything like justice. Queen Victoria's taste, as well as her appreciation for "the art divine," was very great indeed, and she enjoyed every kind of music, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Italian, German, and Russian, all of which were being constantly played to her. Before he assumed the office of "Master of the Queen's Musick," which involves the conducting of the private band of the Sovereign, the men used always to stand; but, by his intercession, the Royal favour was extended to allow the musicians to sit at the State Concerts, and they have done so during the past ten years. One of the features of those concerts has always been the introduction of some music contributed by the Choral Class of the Royal College of Music, a class which Sir Walter teaches, as he does the organ on which he is so great a player. At the College of Music he is not only held in the highest esteem—for every great teacher is certain of that regard among his pupils—but he inspires a sentiment of personal regard, amounting to affection, such as few Professors, however gifted, can hope to emulate. Perhaps this is to be accounted for in part by the innate geniality of the man, his bright outlook on life, the sympathy which he has with work, and his making a common cause with those who are striving to advance in the art in which he has so brilliantly succeeded. But there is, no doubt, something which escapes the would-be analyst—that elusive factor which, in default of a better phrase, may be called the personal equation, that indefinable, intangible something which is too powerful for mere words to describe.

That Sir Walter should be an organist most people would consider inevitable when told his family traditions. His father, the late Thomas Parratt, was organist of the Parish Church at Huddersfield for fifty years, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who held the office for forty years. Indeed, last Christmas was the first time for ninety years that the organ was played by someone who was neither Sir Walter's father nor his brother. In that church he himself played when he was only five. The way he learned the pedals was decidedly curious, for, when his father was playing, he used to kneel down behind him and play them with his hands. At the mature age of ten he succeeded in obtaining an engagement as organist at Armitage Bridge Church, near Huddersfield, his salary being ten pounds a year. When

he was eleven, he played at St. Paul's Cathedral during a service, and when he was twelve he was the organist at St. Peter's Chapel, Pimlico, not far from Buckingham Palace. It is related of him that, as his legs were too short to reach the pedals from his seat, he used to play them by walking over them. At this time, and even for a couple of years before, he could play all Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues from memory, and he used to play them through twice every week. Under the circumstances, it is scarcely wonderful that Sir Walter says that he does not remember the time when he could not play; and he has always had another remarkable faculty, that he could, without looking at the piano, name whatever notes were struck, no matter how many were struck at a time or how great the discord they made. After a time, he became organist at another church in Huddersfield, called St. Paul's, and while there he exhibited his musical

memory in a remarkable way. There was a competition for a position in the church choir. One of the competitors had a new song which he was anxious to sing, but, unfortunately, a second copy which he had been promised for the use of the accompanist had not arrived. He explained his difficulty to Sir Walter, who was not yet out of his teens. Sir Walter took the music, looked through it, and handed back the copy with the remark that he thought he could accompany it without the notes. He thought correctly, for not only did he play the music through without a single mistake, but actually pointed out to the singer two errors he had made, even though he had the music in front of him. This same faculty may be very frequently observed at the College of Music, for Sir Walter will occasionally be consulted by some student while he is giving a lesson to another, and, although he is quite attentive to the one who is speaking to him, another portion of his mind is following the music so intently that he will pause in the middle of a phrase in order to call the young organist's attention to a wrong note or to a wrong expression, to say nothing of a bit of wrong fingering.

After six years at Lord Dudley's private chapel at Witley and four years at Wigan, he was appointed organist to Magdalen College, and at Oxford he did much for the cause of music. There, incidentally, he wrote the music for the first dramatic

performance given by the students of the University, the production of the "Agamemnon" in Greek, the immediate result of which was to send Mr. F. R. Benson on the stage, and he also conducted the May Morning Hymn which is always given at the top of the Tower by the choir of Magdalen.

At Oxford, too, he devoted a good deal of time to playing chess, and he was President of the University Club, while he was captain of the team in the first two inter-University matches against Cambridge. So great is his skill that he has, on occasions, played a couple of games blindfold, while at the same time sitting at the piano and playing sonatas, waltzes, Lieder, and mazurkas by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Mozart, and Chopin, as they were asked for by those who were present.

His interest in chess is unabated, for only recently he has been playing for the South of England against the North in a correspondence match. Next to chess, or by the side of chess, Sir Walter's great delight is in Freemasonry, in which he takes a great interest. He has filled the office of Grand Organist of England, while he has also held the exalted position of Senior Grand Warden of Oxfordshire.



SIR WALTER PARRATT PLAYING THE ORGAN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXXV.—SIR WALTER PARRATT, M.V.O.



"LET US FIRST LOOK OVER THE CHAPEL."



"THESE ARE SOME OF MY EARLY EDITIONS OF RARE MUSIC."



"YES, I HAVE A PRIVATE KEY TO THE CHAPEL, AND ALWAYS USE THIS DOOR."



"NOW COME ACROSS TO MY HOUSE. HERE IS A SPINET OVER 150 YEARS OLD."



"YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE A WINDOW OVER A FIREPLACE, DO YOU?"



"A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MY SPARE TIME IS GIVEN UP TO COMPOSITION."



"BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS! WHAT SPLENDID COMPANIONS THEY ARE!"



"SOME OF MY HAPPIEST MOMENTS ARE SPENT IN THE COMPANY OF GREAT WRITERS."



"AND THEN, WHEN I AM TOO TIRED TO DO ANYTHING ELSE, I SIT IN THIS WINDOW-SEAT AND LOOK OUT OVER THE RIVER."

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HEINEMANN will publish immediately the last volume of his successful French Romance stories, "The Nabob," by Alphonse Daudet. The same publisher has in the press an interesting work by Georg Brandes, which is a study of the land, people, and literature of Poland.

*Blackwood* has printed some excellent parodies of popular writers, under the heading, "Letters to a Literary Aspirant." The parodies differ from those of Mr. Owen Seaman in being decidedly unkind. They are clever, one or two, indeed, being more than clever; but they are of very little use as argument. That a writer is easily parodied is no proof that he is a bad writer, for it is not in virtue of the mannerisms that lend themselves easily to the parodist that any writer succeeds. It is on account of the genius or talent that expresses itself in this particular manner. That is what the parodist cannot reproduce. He may show the weakness of a writer's method in a full light, but he cannot give the strength, and that the strength should prevail in spite of the weakness is the fact to be considered. The writer in *Blackwood*, I have no doubt, could write books which would recall at every turn Mr. Crockett and Mr. Jerome, but the books would not sell. The literary aspirant, instead of ridiculing success, will do well to discover its secret. The secret is not always easy to find, but it may be taken for granted that there is a reason for everything.

I regret to note the death of Mr. Samuel Tinsley, once well known as a publisher of novels. Mr. Tinsley was a brother of Edward and William Tinsley, of the well-known firm of Tinsley Brothers, and he started publishing on his own account, as "Samuel Tinsley and Co.," in Southampton Street, Strand. He had rather a lively time as a publisher, diversified by some stirring controversies with authors. But there is no need to recall them. He transferred his business to Messrs. F. V. White and Co., and, if I am not mistaken, acted for some time as an evangelist. His real talent was for chess, where he gained great distinction, winning many important matches and editing the chess work in the *Times* and other papers. He remained faithful to his religious views, and died when addressing a meeting in connection with the Lewisham Road Baptist Chapel. Mr. Tinsley might have contributed a valuable chapter to the history of publishing, but of late years he seemed to have lost interest in the subject.

Mr. Walter Frewen Lord has written an essay on the Brontë novels which only Mr. Swinburne could adequately criticise. I give a few sentences—

One yawns over "Wuthering Heights," because, although Ellis Bell's sympathies are wide, her style correct, and her intentions excellent, she is not a great artist. . . . For my own part, after painstakingly reading the whole of "Wuthering Heights," I cannot distinguish the Christian names of the characters from their surnames, or one character from another, male or female, or make out what is the story, who is telling it, or what all the anxiety is about, nor can I carry my attention from one page to the next without a strong effort of will.

On the other hand, Mr. Walter Frewen Lord is pleased with "Agnes Grey." Hear his choice dictum—

"Agnes Grey" is the full and attractive portrait of a type of which Ruth Pinch was but a sketch. We should hardly have realised Ruth Pinch in all her attractiveness without the help of Fred Barnard, but "Agnes Grey" is higher art.

Mr. Walter Frewen Lord is also pleased with "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." Says he: "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" is undoubtedly a very interesting story, but the idealisation of these unrestrained and dubious manners is unfortunate in itself and has had an unfortunate effect upon the English mind." Of Charlotte Brontë's works Mr. Walter Frewen Lord has a very poor opinion. "Villette" is dull. "Shirley" is "a story of very great length, and it is difficult to say anything more, for, if one were to add that it is very tiresome

as well as very long, one would assuredly find oneself contradicted by an eager reader who had studied it for five consecutive hours." One would greatly desire to examine the bumps of Mr. Walter Frewen Lord.



THE LATEST "SKETCH."

DRAWN BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.

with literature was as critic of novels on the *Saturday Review*, under Mr. Harwood. He succeeded Mrs. Lynn Linton, and used to say that he wielded the lash with equal severity, though it was very difficult for his friends to believe it.

The Life of W. W. Story, which Mr. Henry James has edited for Messrs. Blackwood, ought to be a very interesting book. During his long residence in Rome, Mr. Story's house was the chosen resort of literary men, American and English. With such authors as Hawthorne and Browning, Story was on terms of closest intimacy. I remember him in the midst of his statues, a tall, cordial gentleman, willing to talk on any subject, but greatly pleased when something was said of his own work. Mr. Story was undoubtedly a poet, and there are some lyrics in his "Poet's Portfolio" which ought not to be lost. But during his lifetime he was regarded as the friend of literary men rather than as a literary man. This sometimes troubled him, though he was of a magnanimous nature.

O. O.



## FOUR NEW BOOKS.

## "SOULS."

By "RITA."

(Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Rita's" Preface and the extract following it make it very evident that "Souls" was written with a purpose, with the intention of rapping Society over the head and proving its hollowness. It is to be feared, however, that it will serve no useful end. The rottenness of a certain section of Society is duly demonstrated with the aid of "types made familiar by a perusal of the Society journals whose columns they adorn, and the *piquante* scandals that the Law Courts have evolved and fashionable clubs betrayed"; but as Society—with a large, if only partially gilded, "S"—is not likely to read a scathing denunciation of its pleasures, its charities, its pet-names, its scandals and its cults, "Souls" is calculated to provide entertainment for the very class "Rita," through Mrs. Brady, obviously abominates, the class which finds its chief intellectual refreshment in "personalities," and which provides such pernicious periodicals as *The Wasp* with their circulations. As might, indeed, have been expected from the part of the Preface quoted, the book reveals nothing that has not already been made public through the agency of the ultra-"yellow" Press and of the Courts to which Royalty issues its invitations on appropriately blue paper. The majority of the characters are easily recognised, not, as the author points out, as portraits, but certainly as types. Whether they are types worth re-exhibiting is a matter for individual taste. As a shrewd observer once remarked apropos of moral object-lessons, it is a debatable point whether, as a warning against small-pox, it is the best policy to gather together the residents of a town, and then parade a dozen victims through their midst. It must not be thought, however, that "Rita" deals only with the grosser social vices. On the contrary, she lashes also the more trivial follies, the inanities represented by a pampered pig, an evening-dress Church-service, and a Peer with a penchant for home-made pantomime. The nett result is a readable book, which it were well not to take too seriously lest it develop a pessimistic spirit.

## "CONFIDENCES."

By M. C. and G. DE S. W.

(Limpus, Baker, and Co.)

Why does thinly veiled impropriety appeal so irresistibly to the woman writer of to-day? Whether it takes the form of a psychical problem, put forward with an earnestness which in some cases is almost convincing, or whether it assumes the garb of a series of flippant letters, the suggestion remains. Geraldine is a widow and Mélisande is a spinster. The epistles of the former are mostly concerned with the cold, inscrutable Donald Cuthbert and the perfectly "unspeakable" Schweingeld; while the latter raves of a Godfrey who creates an "incomparable isolation" around her. Both women, however, are occupied for the most part in selecting dark corners of hotels, isolated places, unfrequented picture-galleries, &c., in which they can be wooed—to put it more refinedly than they do themselves. One is inclined to think that this is more or less the point of view of Mary Ann and her soldier lover. Despite the success of a previous book of this kind—which, however, did not quite descend to such depths—I fancy the joint authors of "Confidences" will find there is a limit in vulgarity which it is not safe to overstep.

## "THE HILL OF TROUBLE."

By A. C. BENSON.

(Isbister. 6s.)

A very delicate literary art is employed by Mr. A. C. Benson in his short stories, which bear the title of the first of the collection, and it is a pity that the matter does not always justify the manner. But there is throughout an exquisite suggestion of the Light that never was on sea or land, a gentle atmosphere of the cloister, the college, the court, and the hall in an age that must have been "Middle" or nothing, and over all a symbolic mysticism that seems to be individual if not unique in literature. "The Hill of Trouble" exalts the absurdity of crystal-gazing to the realm of art and lends to it something of persuasion, "The Grey Cat" treats of demoniacal possession, and "The Red Camp" of obsession. None of these, perhaps, have any very worthy significance, and, read out of Mr. Benson's mood, they might seem absurd; but in "The Light of the Body" the author has achieved a work which possesses, in Goethe's phrase, "a most beautiful and most moral nature." And (*pace* decadent epigrammatists), though most moral, it is likewise most artistic. A good priest receives the mysterious and terrible gift of perceiving a light floating about the forms of his fellows, and by its changes he can read the secrets of the heart. The awfulness of the power goes near to crush him, but at length, through his trial, he discovers the faults of his own soul, recognises a saint in an outcast, and is restored to the normal vision of man. The

style, though slightly archaic and reminiscent of William Morris, is never harsh, and comes far nearer clear and nervous English than the prose-writings of that Master.

## "ALAIN TANGER'S WIFE."

By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

(Hutchinson. 6s.)

Mr. Yoxall has aptly named his story "a romance of 1899," for surely no better description could be found for this tale of the quondam tourist-guide, would-be conspirator, and wholly delightful Alain Tanger, with its setting of old-world Brisac, where "even yet leisured labour, talkative toil, siesta rest, joyous forenoons, and charmed evenings persist"—a town of "gabled frontages, turreted corners, jagged sky-lines . . . and strait, dark ruelles." Thither does his errand drive Alain Tanger—he is to buy over that powerful and popular servant of the Republic, Major Groschaud, to the Bonapartist cause. His desperate plight must be the excuse for his engaging in such doubtful work, for his was of all situations the most painful: to be approached by a cousin, a lovely, queenly woman, who stated her wish to marry him and her intention of settling two thousand pounds a-year on him, and then, on his acceptance—"cupidity first and Cupid second," as he himself describes it—to be deserted within two hours of the marriage ceremony! The motive for marrying him she had carefully concealed; the motive for thus leaving him was equally to seek. At least, the two thousand pounds duly paid in remained untouched, and hence behold him in the pay of the dandy coon, Monsieur Auguste Flapp of "the dam blackness." And Brisac spelt to him many things, but mostly a fearful heart-ache for the little Blurette, the singing-girl at the café, living image of his missing wife but for the absence of a distinguishing white lock of hair and the presence of a heart of gold. But the truly terrible tangle which ensues is duly unravelled, not without a little merited torment for Lois (masquerading as Blurette), who has herself caused so much suffering—to the good Major, *par exemple!* Incidentally, we have episodes which for the whimsical humour of the telling leave nothing to be desired, such as the temporary borrowing without permission by a runaway couple of Mère Gigot's trousered mule. "Render my Adalbert!" cries Mère Gigot. "Ah, species of a mangy cur! Ah, dog of a pig! Ah, pork of a puppy! Render my Adalbert, thief!" Again we come across a little thumb-nail sketch of the old Curé of Carcassonne—he merely flits through a few pages, but he wins us immediately. Indeed, there is so much that is fresh and whimsical in the story that we are left wondering whether this is Mr. Yoxall's revenge for many a dull hour passed in the House.

## ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

The February gusts are brooms  
That sweep the cobwebs from the sky  
And chase the dead leaves to their tombs.

The February suns are fires  
That light the crocuses' pale lamps  
In hundreds under leafless spires.

There's that in February makes  
The scillas crowd upon the grass  
In groups that distance turns to lakes.

So blue, so bright, the scillas are,  
One scarce could ask another boon  
Of their creators, month and star.

Yet February suns have lit  
The rosy bloom on almond-trees  
That show no leaves to shelter it;

And February gusts are hands  
That shake the almond-blossom down  
In rosy snow on dusty lands. NORA CHESSON.



THE PARISIANS  
DRAWN BY LEONARD LINDELL.





THE LONDONERS.

DRAWN BY EDWARD KING.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE MAN WHO WAS MANAGED.

By GILBERT DAYLE.



I had reached Monté Carlo in the morning, selected my hotel, and, after an agreeable *déjeuner*, had sauntered out to take my first fill of the sunshine.

Already I had seen many familiar faces, and now, as I gently sank into a seat on the Casino Terrace, I wondered how long it would be before the most interesting young person I knew discovered my arrival in the gilded Principality.

I was not kept long in suspense, for presently I heard a voice utter a little exclamation of surprise, and, looking up, saw Miss Pattie Hetherton standing before me.

"Hugo Trench! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Oh, the usual thing!" I replied, with a nod at the Casino.

A smile dimpled over her face as she sat down beside me.

"It's hereditary," I continued, gloomily. "Have you never heard of my great-grandfather who gambled away his estates at Crockford's in a single night? He was one of the original Dandies."

But she was unconvinced.

"Clerks in the War Office don't generally come to Monte Carlo in February," she observed.

"Why not? Even a War Office clerk takes a holiday some time or other, and we are not very busy now."

"I suppose the War Office —?" she began.

"Oh, please don't make a joke about the dear old place!" I interrupted, pleadingly. "The professional humorist has already nearly succeeded in getting us ranked with the mother-in-law, and, if you make jests yourself on the topic, how can you hope to laugh when you hear them on the stage or see them in the papers?"

She looked very humble—and, incidentally, more than usually pretty. If girls only knew how humility suited them!

"I was merely going to observe that I supposed the War Office wouldn't miss you," she said, meekly.

"The apology is accepted," I said, in a tone of relief.

"I haven't yet learnt why you are here," she continued, gazing at me critically. "And why—why are you wearing that ridiculous little black tie with your flannel suit?"

I gave one reason.

"It serves as a reminder of what I've lost after a year of hope," I said, with a sigh.

It must be explained that I had seen a good deal of Pattie in town, and I think we should have seen a great deal more of one another had not it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Hetherton that I was merely a poor clerk in the War Office. (Why, in Heaven's name, did my dandy of a great-grandfather spend that night at Crockford's?) As a result of the dawning of this idea, she had promptly removed her daughter from my sphere of influence and myself from her mental list of desirable acquaintances.

Of course, it might be said that, if Pattie truly loved me, she might have ultimately won me by a steady resistance to her parent's wishes. Exactly! But, then, I had no reason to think that Pattie looked upon me as much more than an agreeable conservatory companion, and, in fact, my merely civil attentions to a certain Mrs. Van Oppen, a delightful American widow, had estranged even these relations on the last occasion we had met.

And now she was engaged to Lord Ernest Blakenhurst, a monstrously stupid young man who had only escaped matrimony before by a series of lucky accidents. He had no vices beyond his extreme foolishness, and no virtues in addition to his title and money. He was, therefore, an excellent "catch," and, knowing Mrs. Hetherton's strength of character and Blakenhurst's weakness of mind, I had very little doubt as to how the present state of affairs had been arrived at.

"I've never been engaged," I observed, presently. "I suppose one is very, very happy?"

"Yes, very happy!" she answered, decisively, closing her little lips firmly together.

I wondered whether she was merely loyal to a bargain her mother had thrust upon her or did she care for him? She was very bright, and he infinitely stupid. But you can never tell.

She looked up at me quickly, and her next sentence told me that this part of the discussion was closed.

"I don't think it's the gambling," she said, deliberately. "Mrs. Van Oppen is here!" she added, after a pause, as if there were no need of further explanation.

As far as I knew, Mrs. Van Oppen might have been in Peru, but I was a little startled by the coincidence. Pattie, however, was a long way from the true state of affairs—which was just as well.

"So you have guessed my poor little secret?" I said, with a laugh.

She turned to me with an air of incredulity.

"And do you really hope? Mrs. Van Oppen, with her yacht, her mansions, and millions of dollars?" she asked.

"I would overlook those inconveniences. It is only the woman I consider," I answered.

"And if she had the bad taste to refuse you?" she continued. (I am half afraid a touch of sarcasm was intended here.)

"Oh, I shall go back to the War Office and—my two thousand a-year!" I said, with a yawn.

She gave a little start.

"Your two thousand a-year! I thought——"

I touched the black tie.

"There was another reason. Aunt Selina," I explained.

"That quaint old body you told me about in the North of England, who would never even recognise your existence?" she cried, in wonderment.

"The same. In dying she atoned for all her lamentable shortcomings. Her will decreed that her fortune was to be shared between myself and a Dogs' Home. I have two thousand a-year, and the other half has gone to the dogs."

There was a long pause.

"I must congratulate you," she said, at length, in rather a thoughtful tone.

"Thanks," I answered, miserably.

Of course, two thousand a-year was nothing to being Lady Blakenhurst, but, if only Aunt Selina had seen fit to die a few months previously, I think it might have been managed. But, there, it always seemed to be my luck to be just too late for everything.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Hetherton and the feeble Blakenhurst appeared on the scene. The former surprised me by the cordiality of her reception, but the meaning dawned upon me. Now Pattie was securely engaged, I no longer constituted a danger and might be tolerated as a not too intimate acquaintance. I was accordingly invited to lunch on the morrow.

Presently I left the trio, and, wandering again, had the good-fortune to meet Mrs. Van Oppen, who, in the latest Parisian triumph, looked more bewilderingly magnificent than ever.

"I am pleased to see you, Hugo Trench!" she cried. "You'll just spare half-an-hour right away to chat with me!"

So we strolled round to the Terrace again and sat down. I learnt that her yacht, the *Gadfly*, was in the port, and that she was taking her father, Colonel Silas Hibbert, and a few other friends for a short cruise. She rattled on for some time vivaciously, then suddenly paused.

"I suppose you know the Hethertons are here—with him?" she said, with a tightening of her lips.

Mrs. Van always treated me as a confidential friend. It was this attitude that had led Pattie to a wrong assumption.

"Yes, I have met them. How are you taking it? Am I to commiserate with you, or doesn't it matter now?" I asked, for I knew the exact state of affairs.

"It matters more than ever. I was never so disappointed in my life. To think that another day with him last autumn and I should have been Lady Blakenhurst! Just pure ill-luck that he was called away at that moment!" she exclaimed.

She was not exaggerating. It showed a deplorable lack of originality for a wealthy American, but the fact remained that it was Mrs. Van's one ambition in life to marry into the English aristocracy



and secure a title, and she had been within an ace of capturing the weak-minded Blakenhurst.

"I am more sorry than I can say," I said, sympathetically. This was perfectly genuine, for I was thinking of Pattie.

"And to be beaten by Mrs. Hetherton!" cried Mrs. Van. She paused, as if words were too much for her. "Of course, I know that that dear girl, Pattie, had nothing to do with the entanglement—it was purely her wretched mother's doing. She had the opportunity, and she utilised it. As you know, anyone can manage poor Ernest—that is, anybody with a will, and she had the chance," she finished, ruefully.

"Chance is everything—particularly at Monte Carlo," I remarked, not knowing quite what to say.

"And I firmly believe the dear boy would have been happier with me. I could manage him better than an inexperienced girl like Pattie."

Mrs. Van had certainly managed one husband very efficiently. He had worked commendably hard to make money, and then, just as commendably, died.

"I hate Mrs. Hetherton!" cried the little widow, vindictively. "And if I had him to myself for an hour or so—even now!" she continued, meditatively.

I gave a start.

"Has he seen you yet?"

"No; but I'm going to send him a note—just to remind him of old times!"

"Oh, I shouldn't!" I put in, hastily. "Wouldn't it be rather embarrassing for all parties?"

Mrs. Van's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"I wouldn't mind embarrassing Mrs. Hetherton," said she.

Later in the day, I met her father, the gallant "Colonel," who belonged to a somewhat rougher school than his brilliant daughter, but he was amusing, and I rather liked him. He was intensely proud of Mrs. Van's progress, and was just as anxious for her to marry into the English aristocracy as she herself. I dined with them that evening on the *Gadfly*, and had an enjoyable time.

Two days slipped away; I saw a little of Pattie, and too much of Mrs. Hetherton and the dull Blakenhurst. Then one day at lunch-time I received a note from Mrs. Van, asking me to dine again that evening on the yacht. It was their last day in Monte Carlo, she explained, as they were sailing at dawn.

On my way down to the *Gadfly* that evening, I called in at the Hethertons' hotel to say I would be pleased to accept their

invitation to go to the Nice races next day with their party. I happened to run across Pattie.

"And where is the lucky Blakenhurst?" I asked, with a smile.

"Oh, poor Ernest got a sick headache during the afternoon, and went to bed before dinner. I hope it's nothing serious!" she said, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" I said, reassuringly. "I think I saw him looking at an intelligent book this morning—that doubtless brought it on. Au revoir!"

I hurried away down to the port, and in a few minutes was on board the *Gadfly*—one of the latest things in yachts for millionaires. Mrs. Van welcomed me effusively.

"Only a small party—just ourselves and——" She turned to a tall young man standing in the background. "I think you know Lord Ernest Blakenhurst?"

Sick headache, indeed! I could have almost laughed, if I had not thought of the deception practised on poor Pattie.

Mrs. Van caught hold of his arm, and he came forward, looking somewhat sheepish.

"Hullo, 'Trench!" he said, with a stupid nod. "No idea you were coming."

"The surprise is not all on your side!" I replied, attempting to instil a proper touch of severity into my tone.

The little widow's eyes were almost dancing with unholy joy as they met mine.

"I told you I should like to," she whispered to me, triumphantly.

I shook my head reprovingly. Still, as the yacht was sailing in a few hours' time, no harm could be done.

We went in to dinner, which, like all Mrs. Van's entertainments, was in the way of an object-lesson on the advantages of wealth. As I watched her handling of the inane Ernest, I confess I was moved to admiration. It was art in the highest sense, and I was more than thankful, for Pattie's sake, that the *Gadfly* was departing almost immediately.

Afterwards, the Colonel led Blakenhurst and myself—we were the only men of the party—to the smoking-room, where he insisted on personally mixing some wonderful American drinks. Presently, I seized an opportunity to join the others in the drawing-room, and left the Colonel mixing another "dream" (the term was his) for Blakenhurst.

Mrs. Van seemed not in the least surprised that I came alone.

"Is father telling Lord Blakenhurst his experiences in the Rockies?" she asked. "I know it is perfectly hopeless trying to



[DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.]

"Would the fact of quaint Aunt Selina's recent decease have inclined you for another courtship?"

"THE MAN WHO WAS MANAGED."

draw him from the smoking-room when once he has got a really good listener."

Later on, I slipped away for a moment, thinking it time to see how the poor Blakenhurst was faring. I met the Colonel—he was just shutting the door to a deck-cabin. He put a finger to his lip mysteriously.

"I gave him a 'Chicago Twist' to finish up with, and he suddenly collapsed," he whispered. "I guessed the best way was to help him to a bunk and let him sleep for half-an-hour. That'll put him as right as the President!"

I don't know the exact cause—perhaps it was something in the old Colonel's tone—but a sudden suspicion entered my mind.

I said nothing, however, until, a few minutes later, I chanced to be alone with Mrs. Van. She had come out on deck, and we were standing by the taffrail, enjoying the cool night-air.

"I have just heard that your father has put Blakenhurst into a bunk," I observed. "Perhaps you may have heard of the merits of the Colonel's 'Chicago Twist'?"

She gave a little laugh.

"He'll sleep the clock round, you know, unless someone wakes him," I added, meaningly.

She suddenly faced me.

"Supposing nobody did wake him—that he slept right on until to-morrow morning? Of course, we shouldn't know he was in the cabin!" she said, in a low voice of suppressed excitement.

So it *was* a plot!

"It's abduction!" I said, firmly.

She laughed gaily.

"To take a trip on a friend's yacht? Don't you see how ingenious it all is? He will wake up and find himself on the way to Genoa! And two days in my society! Do you grasp it?"

"Oh, I quite see!" I said, slowly. I knew very well that Blakenhurst, left in her hands, would be as clay. If the yacht once sailed with him, Pattie's chance of becoming Lady Blakenhurst would vanish completely. He would throw her over and marry Mrs. Van within a month. I had not the slightest doubt as to the little widow's ability to do this if given the present chance.

"I should just like to inquire why you invited me to-night?" I said. "Wouldn't a manoeuvre of this type have been better with as few witnesses as possible?"

She linked her arm within mine.

"I thought, dear Mr. Trench, being such a great friend of mine," she began, persuasively, "that to-morrow, when you discovered that poor Ernest had been left on the yacht by mistake, you might tell his valet to pay his hotel-bill and bring his things on to Genoa. You see, otherwise his disappearance might cause some surprise."

"I think it may probably cause surprise under any circumstances," I said, dryly, having Mrs. Hetherton in mind.

Mrs. Van positively gurgled in her enjoyment of the situation.

"Isn't it just 'cute, Mr. Trench? I knew it would please you. Hush!" she said, warningly, as one or two of the others came up.

I had no further chance of talking alone with the good but enterprising widow, so followed the little party into the music-saloon. Presently—Mrs. Van was about to sing—I managed to slip out quietly. I felt I wanted to think.

Pacing the deck, I turned the thing over in my mind. The question was, Should I let Pattie lose her chance? Whatever his mental abilities, it was a big thing for her to become Lady Blakenhurst, and she might possibly care for him. Anyway, she would look very foolish being jilted in this fashion. Could I let Mrs. Van do it?

"No, I'm hanged if I can—it isn't cricket!" I exclaimed, as I came to a decision.

I crept up to the music-saloon—Mrs. Van was singing lustily, and likely to be doing so for some minutes. Then I hurried up to the deck-cabin and let myself in. Blakenhurst was lying on the bunk in a heavy sleep. I picked up a water-bottle and dashed some of the contents in his face.

"What's that?" he said, drowsily.

I persevered with the water-bottle, and soon had him in a sitting position and able to take in my remarks. I told him he had behaved abominably and that Mrs. Van would never forgive him.

"Your only chance to save your honour is to slip away quietly this very moment without seeing anyone. Mrs. Van is singing and you will not be noticed," I said.

His mind was too blurred to criticise the sense of my argument, and he accepted my decree without demur. I explained to him the means of getting away and fetched his coat and hat. Finally, I pushed him out of the cabin and told him to waste no time. I saw him lurch away, and returned to the music-saloon just in time to congratulate Mrs. Van on the progress she had made under the Parisian masters.

Shortly afterwards, I rose and said I must be going. Mrs. Van protested against my early departure.

"The truth is, I'm rather nervous. I've never been mixed up in an abduction before," I explained.

She laughed.

"You have helped to give a deserving woman what she wants. I don't know how to sufficiently thank you, Mr. Trench!" she said, as she clasped my hand in farewell.

I hurried away, thinking that, perhaps, her thanks were a trifle profuse.

On my way back, I looked in at the Hethertons' hotel, wishing to make certain that Blakenhurst had safely returned. I was passing the reading-room on the entresol-floor, when the door opened and I came face to face with Pattie. She had a book in her hand, and seemed annoyed.

"I was just running up to see Ernest—to inquire if he were any better!" I stammered, some explanation of my presence being necessary.

"Oh, he has come back!" she said, wearily. "I saw him disappearing up the staircase just now."

Come back! I looked sharply at her. As she saw the slip she had made, a little look of confusion swept over her face.

"What do you know?" I said, quickly.

She hesitated; then a defiant look came into her eyes.

"This morning, I was sitting on the Terrace, and Mrs. Van Oppen and her father came close to me—they did not notice that I was within ear-shot. I heard them talk the plan over, and deliberately caved-dropped," she finished, slowly, a spot of colour coming to her cheek.

I listened in amazement.

"You were hoping they would be able to carry it out?" I cried, excitedly.

She did not answer for a moment or so. It seemed ages to me.

"Well, if they did, no one could blame me for not being Lady Blakenhurst—not even mother," she said, a demure smile creeping into her eyes.

To think I had actually brought him back for her sake, and all the time she would have welcomed his abduction as a good "get out"! A mad idea came to me.

"Just one question," I stuttered. "Supposing he had been carried off, would the fact of quaint Aunt Selina's recent decease have inclined you for another courtship?"

Her eyes dropped before mine.

"Perhaps," she answered, softly. "But what's the good? He is here still," she added, regretfully.

On the impulse, I caught hold of her hand and kissed it.

"Yes, but he won't be long!" I said. "I'll just put him back on the yacht again. Thank Heaven, he's a man that can be managed! Good-bye! Don't go to bed until I return."

I heard her give a little gasp of amazement, then raced away and up to Blakenhurst's room two stairs at a time. I found him lying on his bed, still fully dressed. I caught hold of his shoulder.

"Awfully sorry, Blakky, but I made a frightful mistake in getting you away just now!" I cried, breathlessly. "It appears the Colonel told Mrs. Van, as an excuse for you, that you'd been unavoidably called away for an hour, but that he had extracted your solemn promise to return for the remainder of the evening. So I came on at once to bring you back."

He was very muddled, but I found a water-bottle again.

"You simply must make the effort, else Mrs. Van will never forgive you. A point of honour, my dear old son!" I continued.

With a few more unscrupulous arguments, I managed to get him on to his staggering feet and out of the room. In another quarter of an hour we were on board the yacht, and I put him in the cabin—just for a few minutes, to pull himself together, as I told him. He laid his weary form in the bunk, and I knew that, thirty seconds after I left, he would be asleep again.

Then I picked up a cigarette-case belonging to the Colonel and made my way round to the music-saloon. Mrs. Van was still singing. I explained how I had discovered I had taken away the case by mistake and thought it better to return it at once.

Mrs. Van and the Colonel came out on to the deck to see me off for the second time. We passed the cabin, and the Colonel couldn't resist opening the door and peeping in.

"Sleepin' like a babe!" he remarked, contentedly, as he turned the key in the lock and slipped it into his pocket.

"I somehow feel as if my conduct left a little to be desired this evening," I said, thoughtfully.

"But the end justifies the means, dear Mr. Trench!" cried Mrs. Van, as she gave me a parting affectionate pressure of the hand.

And as, ultimately, all of us seemed highly pleased with the result, I suppose it did.

The only one who was, perhaps, not completely charmed from the outset was Mrs. Hetherton. On discovering that Lord Ernest had actually taken his departure on Mrs. Van Oppen's yacht, she was terribly annoyed, for, of course, she realised that her prize had been snatched from her. I pacified her to the best of my ability.

"Beyond a doubt he was 'managed'!" I said. "The only thing now is to save the situation and get the first laugh. There is but one way to do that—of course, I am only speaking as a friend!" I said, apologetically.

"Well?" said Mrs. Hetherton, impatiently.

"I would suggest Pattie's immediate engagement to another man—some deserving, hard-working fellow, tried and trusty, with, say, two thousand a-year."

Mrs. Hetherton glanced up sharply, and caught her daughter smiling at me in the most barefaced manner.

She now calls me by my Christian name. I suppose one must allow a mother-in-law some licence.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE merry, merry spring-time seems likely to be as prolific in new plays as it will be in sweet flowers. In the first place, we are to have the West-End production of Messrs. Sidney Jones and G. H. Jessop's old English comedy-opera, "My Lady Molly," at Terry's next Saturday night. Secondly, next Monday week we are to see the ever-charming Miss Kate Rorke make her welcome London reappearance at Mr. Mulholland's fine new playhouse, the King's, Hammersmith, in a drama written by Messrs. Arthur Bertram and "Gordon Holmes," and now entitled "The Story of Winifred."

Next Tuesday week, Messrs. Harrison and Maude will give at the Haymarket their next old-comedy revival, namely, "The Clandestine Marriage," as written by George Colman the elder and the great little David Garrick, both of whom, like many more modern collaborators, quarrelled and swore at each other almost as terribly as our Army did in Flanders. Garrick, however, speedily took his revenge in his usual manner. He always had a short way with dissenting collaborators. He simply left their names out of all announcements! One of the earliest copies I have of the piece bears Garrick's name alone. At the Haymarket, the leading character, Lord Ogleby (which Garrick haughtily refused to play, although it was written for him), will be enacted by Mr. Cyril Maude. I heartily wish him as great a success as I saw the late Samuel Phelps (a splendid portrait of whom appeared in last week's *Sketch*) make in the character. Mr. Allan Aynesworth will play Sir John Melville, Mrs. Charles Calvert the part of Mrs. Heidelberg (originally acted by the saucy Kitty Clive), Fanny will be personated by Miss Jessie Bateman, Sterling by Mr. Lionel Rignold, Miss Sterling by Miss Beatrice Ferrar, and Lovewell by Mr. C. M. Hallard. Mr. Eric Lewis should be excellent as the servant, Canton, which was originally impersonated by Robert Baddeley, the comedian who bequeathed Old Drury's annual Twelfth Cake.

On the day after Messrs. Harrison and Maude's interesting old-comedy revival, there is to be vouchsafed to us, at the Great Queen Street Theatre, an English adaptation of a certain unpleasantly named play of Sudermann's, to be re-named "The Man and His Picture."

But to proceed with our New Spring Goods in the way of plays: Two days after the Haymarket revival of "The Clandestine Marriage," Mr. George Alexander will present the English adaptation of that delightful German comedy, "Alt-Heidelberg," at the St. James's, with a powerful cast, and with the valuable help of the German Company's own skilful stage-director, Herr Andresen. The scenery, uniforms, &c., at the St. James's will, I can assure you, be really charmingly picturesque. Indeed, from what I already know of this, the first foreign-made play which Mr. Alexander has yet given at the St. James's, I am inclined to think that it will run him well into next season, when he will either present his long-promised grand revival of "Romeo and Juliet" or (strange contrast!) a somewhat daring comedy, written by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, and entitled "Saturday to Monday."

In the later spring—or say, about the middle thereof—the new productions will, of course, include Miss Ellen Terry's first play-venture at the Imperial, namely, an adaptation of Ibsen's drama, "The Vikings," and Sir Henry Irving's long-cherished production of Sardou's "Dante" play at Drury Lane. This deeply interesting event will take place about Easter, when we (that is, all of us who love—and, shall I say, pardon?—our Boccaccio) trust that we shall *not*, as I hear reported, see the author of the Divine Comedy consign the author of "The Decameron" "down below." Besides, look what an anachronism it would be! Even the ten thousand pounds' worth of wonderful infernal and other scenery which I am assured Sir Henry has ordered would not atone for such a slip. But, apart from all this, I do seriously hope that Sir Henry has persuaded the drama's adapter, his clever second son, Lawrence, to soften down somewhat—nay, considerably—the ultra-gruesomeness which the good Sardou has shown in his "Dante" play. Surely no one wants to see on the stage so apparently realistic a presentment of the place that is paved with good intentions!

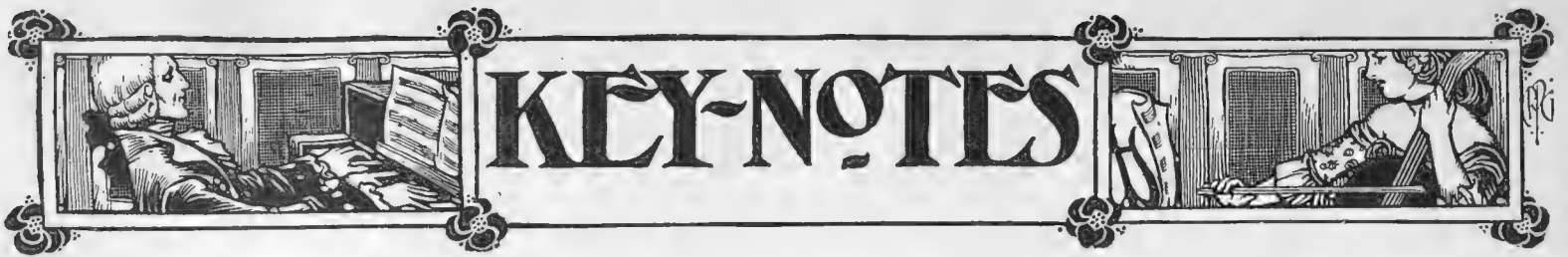
Mr. Beerbohm Tree has, as I said he would, selected "Richard the Second" for his next venture at His Majesty's.



[Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.]

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE IN "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Katherine seeks Villon in the Tavern.*



THE extraordinary success that has attended the extremely young career of Miss Marie Hall was emphasised last Thursday, when St. James's Hall was literally filled to overflowing. It would be difficult for anybody with even quite a long musical memory to recall anything so definitely associated with triumph since the days of Paderewski's early successes. In fact, one is prepared to assert that, among the recent sensations of the concert world, Miss Marie Hall has actually outstripped even what may be called "the kudos of Kubelik."

The only drawback that it is possible to find in Miss Hall's playing is that, perhaps, it is not deeply "informed" with thoughtfulness or with a very broad outlook upon the art of music. That, however, seems almost like hypercriticism, seeing that she is extremely young, and that her emotions, possibly, do not run altogether hand-in-hand with her technique. Yet she is to be admired for a great deal more than mere technical ability; her playing of Bach's "Chaconne" (for violin alone), a most difficult test of merit, was as admirable as anything that can be associated even with so honoured a name as Joachim. It may be added that Miss Hall was assisted on this particular occasion by Herr Gottfried Galston and Miss Caroline Montefiore. The former to speak truly, was a somewhat dull alternative to Miss Hall, and there is no doubt that he completely persuaded his audience that Brahms had no right to conceive so dull an idea as was embodied in his "Variations on a Theme of Handel."

A very brief note may suffice for Miss Edith Robinson's Third Historical Violin Recital, given three or four days ago at the Bechstein Hall. Miss Robinson clearly was out of form, and to dilate upon that which was obviously an unfortunate exception would, perhaps, be cruel, and therefore unjust. The chief feature of the concert, however, was Miss Fanny Davies' very fine pianoforte-playing; she played a Nocturne by Field with wonderful insight and most skilful penetration into the meaning of that most original master of the pianoforte. Sterndale Bennett was also represented in her programme, and she showed how rare and fine a master that musician was in what may be called the discovery of small oases of art. Sterndale Bennett was a composer who every now and then made the bravest of little rushes to extract the secret of the Muse to whom he devoted his life and career. To say that he was uniformly interesting (as Mendelssohn was, for example) would be to speak in terms of gross exaggeration; but Miss Davies proved by her profoundly thoughtful playing that Sterndale Bennett, when the occasional fire that was latent in him broke forth, might even be ranked with Mendelssohn.

Mr. Vianna da Motta in his Fourth Historical Pianoforte Recital surely demonstrated that he ranks among the very finest living interpreters of the instrument of his choice. He combines great virility of touch with an almost feminine appeal of emotion. If he cannot be described as reaching superlative heights of intellectual accomplishment, he at all events appeals to the emotions with a sort of abandonment that seems just for the moment to fulfil every musical desire. The same thing was said of Emil Sauer, and yet da Motta seems to me to be obsessed with somewhat less of musical hysteria, and with somewhat more of brain-power than Sauer ever displayed. That

is as much as saying that here we have an artist who ranks among the greatest of living interpreters. One may be allowed to paint a little word-picture herewith.

Many years ago, when Liszt was slowly climbing to the height of his fame, a *séance* was given in Paris at which the greatest of all musical critics, Hector Berlioz, was present; in those days, Beethoven was, in some respects, a modern man—in some respects, indeed, he is a modern man now, as a recent interpretation of the Sonata known as Op. 106 has proved. As Liszt played on and on, it occurred to those emotional people who were assembled in the large room that everything save sound should be shut out from the senses. In absolute darkness, therefore, Liszt played Beethoven until they who sat as audience were strained to almost the breaking-point of endurance. In hearing da Motta's Liszt-playing the other day, one felt that the great old showman needed some such accessory to persuade one of his musical merit. The pianist certainly played his work so extremely well that, with a little more effective stage-management, one might have been compelled to assert that Liszt was a great creative musician. Curiously enough, he did, as a matter of fact, prepare the soil—nay, one had almost said, sow the seed—for the realisation of Wagner's tremendous triumphs.

Dr. Frederic Cowen conducted the recent concert of the Philharmonic Society (which was the first of the present season) at the Queen's Hall a few days ago with admirable results. The event of the night was the pianoforte-playing of Mr. Raoul Pugno—a somewhat unfortunate name for any artist to possess. Mr. Pugno is a very wonderful pianist, and his Mozart-playing showed him to be a musician possessing the finest gifts of interpretation. He has the most curious mingling of emotion and sobriety, which one somehow associates with the classical days of John Sebastian Bach. Yet his Mozart-playing was probably as fine as anything that need be desired by the most exacting critic. Mozart, despite his seeming innocence, is an extremely difficult composer to do

justice to. Mr. Pugno, nevertheless, managed, through the avenues of those simplicities in art which imply extreme industry and hard work, to realise that Master with a perfect sense of his beauty of outlook and with almost a perfect feeling for the sublimity of his art.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Ellen O'Malley, who was Mr. Willard's leading lady in America, and who made such a hit as Martha de Moisand in the special matinée of "La Souris" given by Mr. Vedrenne at the Comedy Theatre, has been specially engaged to play Lady Mary Carlisle in "Monsieur Beaucaire" on tour for a limited number of weeks. Miss O'Malley will play one of the leading parts in the next production of the Stage Society.

Through the regrettable mistake of a correspondent, the photograph of the Hon. Mrs. French published in last week's issue was said to be that of Mrs. Robert French, the wife of Lord De Freyne's only married brother, and thus the sister-in-law of Lord De Freyne. Instead, it should have been described as the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Reginald French, the wife of Lord De Freyne's eldest son.



MISS EDITH NEVILLE, UNDERSTUDY TO MISS LETTY LIND IN  
"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.





*Royal Patronage—The "Motor Volunteers"—A Ladies' Club—The Hon. C. S. Rolls.*

SINCE I last wrote the notes for this page, a great honour has fallen to the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland.

That honour is nothing less than the patronage of His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., himself a keen automobilist, and not one, by the way, who, like his Royal brother of Belgium, runs after strange gods—or should I say, cars?—but is content with such as his subjects can manufacture and construct within the four corners of his kingdom. And so on all future notices, &c., which the "A. C. G. B. and I." may issue will appear "Patron: His Majesty the King," or words to that effect. Certainly, neither automobilists nor automobile manufacturers in this country can complain that the Sovereign has not, by open example at least, if not by public precept, done his best to promote the well-being of the industry. Therefore, this last measure of grace, the accordance of his patronage to the Club, will be appreciated by the motor public generally and the members of the Club in particular. I am afraid I am not quite clear as to the exact privilege conferred upon a body like the

evident for emphasis. The "Motor Volunteers" will have a special organisation and will wear a distinctive uniform.

Ever since its formation, the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has somewhat ungallantly turned a cold shoulder upon the suggestion that ladies might become members. I do not believe that this has been due in any way to an objection to the company of the fair sex in the enjoyment of our delightful pastime, for everyday evidences go far to prove the contrary. As a matter of fact, the male membership has increased with such leaps and bounds that it has been quite impossible to extend the privileges of the Club-house to ladies. But the gentlewomen who have long felt that Automobile Clubbism of some sort or description was necessary to them now propose to form an Automobile Club of their own, and this suggestion is actually in course of execution. The Ladies' Automobile Club will work in harmony with the parent body, which will afford them special facilities with regard to garage, races, and other technical

#### A MOTOR-CAR THAT TRAVELLED MORE THAN EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.



THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON HIS EIGHTY HORSE-POWER RACING-CAR.

*Photograph by Argent Archer, High Street, Kensington.*

"A. C. G. B. and I." by Royal patronage. I believe members of Royal Yacht Clubs are entitled to fly the red ensign, but it is hardly likely Club members will loose that particular rectangle of bunting from the tonneau. Doubtless the note of Royal favour will be struck by a special design of crown over the Club badge.

After many months of waiting, the official sanction has been accorded the formation of a Volunteer force to be known as "The Motor Volunteer Corps." The idea of adding the automobile to the arms of the Service originated with Mr. Mark Mayhew, L.C.C., one of the pioneers of automobilism in this country, a founder of the Automobile Club, and a prominent Imperial Yeomanry officer. The members of the new corps are gentlemen who are willing to place themselves and their vehicles at the service of the military authorities for at least fourteen days per annum, and as often in addition as they may be required and can render service. Their chief duty, as I understand it, will be the conveyance of commissioned officers of all ranks on military duties, chiefly during manœuvres wherein the high mobility of automobiles can be made available with the greatest advantage. It is needless to point out the facility with which officers can visit and inspect the disposition of remote portions of their Command when roads and automobiles are available, and the value of personal knowledge of these, together with an acquaintance with the surrounding country, by commanders in charge of operations is too

matters. A very large and influential Committee is about to be appointed, the preliminary arrangements being in the hands of Lady Cecil Montagu, the wife of the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., whose name is a household word to-day in British automobile circles.

The chief topic in motoring circles of late has been the splendid performance of the Hon. C. S. Rolls in creating a new flying kilometre record. By permission of the Duke of Portland, the attempt was made on the private track at Welbeck. Mr. Rolls is one of the most prominent personalities of the motoring world and ranks among the pioneers in motor-car development. He is also the head of the well-known firm of C. S. Rolls and Co., of the Lillie Hall Garage, where his practical knowledge of motors is of inestimable service. Even in his University days, before it was legal to drive a car at all, Mr. Rolls possessed a small Peugeot, and since then, both as a writer on this particular subject and as a practical *mécanicien*, he has made his name famous. The car on which he broke Mr. Jarrott's record is of French make, fitted with Dunlop tyres, and its upturned-boat like appearance was described in last week's issue. It will be remembered that, in his final attempt, Mr. Rolls covered the kilometre in twenty-seven seconds, equal to a speed of nearly eighty-three miles an hour, and thus beat Mr. Jarrott's record by 1½ sec. The time was taken by Messrs. H. J. Swindley and P. Coleman, the Automobile Club official timekeepers. Mr. Rolls has entered his new car for the Paris-Madrid race.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Fit and Unfit—The "Lincoln"—Jockeys.*

LATEST advices on the early Spring Handicaps point to the fact that most of the horses will be far from ready, and the best policy for speculators to pursue will be to back the fittest horses. Early in the season the race is to the fit—a fact that is demonstrated, year in, year out, by the upheaval of the Lincoln and Liverpool form in the later weeks of the season. So far, the Americans have shown no ability in the matter of getting horses ready for early engagements, a case in point being the defeat of King's Quest by a commoner like Chant in the Trial Plate at Lincoln last year; and other experiences—Victor Don, to wit—teach us we can safely ignore candidates hailing from stables run by Americans or on American lines. From Newmarket I hear that Watson has a couple of smart two-year-olds in Catgut and Zampieri, both engaged in the Brocklesby Stakes, so it is on the cards that that clever young trainer will again take the two-year-old prize at Lincoln. Watson seems to be a genius at getting two-year-olds ready for the early fray. With regard to the "classic" horses at headquarters, Mead has made more proportionate improvement than any other animal, and Rock Sand, I believe, has, if not quite stood still, made very little advance. There is plenty of money always ready for Mead for the Derby whenever an offer is made by the bookmakers, and people are beginning to think that the King will repeat the National and Derby double he achieved a few years ago.

As regards the Lincolnshire Handicap, it seems pretty certain that Minstead will not be in anything like condition, and so he will not be able to take advantage of the very lenient handicapping treatment to which he has been subjected. The colt has only been walking and trotting and doing an occasional canter, and it is late days for a horse

in the Lincoln to be doing this kind of "work," so I think we can safely dismiss him from calculation. On the other hand, despite the fact that there is no tout at Shrewton, where Sceptre is trained, news is to hand that Mr. Sievier's mare is in first-rate fettle. She is at the head of the market, although it is said very little, if any, stable money is "on," but I take Mr. Sievier to be too good a sportsman to let the contracted price he will have to take interfere with Sceptre's running in the Lincoln Handicap. She has a big weight, it is true, but I still think she will win the first big handicap of the 1903 season on the flat.

We shall have all the good older jockeys and some new younger ones riding this year. Amongst the latter, I hear a good account of a younger brother of Dixon, who did so well for Mr. Southall and others. The younger boy is apprenticed to Lawless, and can ride at 6 st. W. Lane is one of the best of riders, and he is likely to once more finish high up in the list of winning jockeys. Maher and Martin, who will open their season at Lincoln, are two good horsemen; the first-named is very likely to ride some of the best horses in training, and his friends go so far as to say that he may steer the winners of all the classics. Martin has improved very much in his riding, and he should do well. Halsey is a fine jockey and a real good fellow. He will, I hope, have a prosperous season. H. Aylin is a very good rider; so are Bray, Dixon, Griggs, and Childs. Of the apprentices, Trigg will be in great demand. He is a useful boy. J. E. Watts is a clever young rider, and I expect he will have the mount on many of R. Marsh's horses when the weight suits. Miller is a capital handicap performer, and B. Dillon has landed some coups for his employers. We shall not want for good jockeys this year.

CAPTAIN COE.



HERR JULIUS SEETH, THE FAMOUS LION-TAMER, AND HIS TROUPE OF LIONS. HERR SEETH IS NOW APPEARING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

*Photograph by the Atelier Basilius, Dantzig.*



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MODERN journeuse is, it must be admitted, a very wonderful, if not, indeed, a fearful thing, and, if it does not make for art, it at least endeavours to accumulate dollars with the utmost assiduity. Its system is simple, and consists largely of composing incidents and administering little shocks. Its method is one of headlines and its motto to make sensations. A delicious example of this

one especially well-done dress of dark-blue silk voile—a new material—had cuffs, collar, and vest of blue-and-green plaid, with a silk petticoat to match. Great are the possibilities of the petticoat when it is made *en suite* with either parasol or some other detail of costume, as, for instance, in the case of a pretty brown cloth gown which I met walking through the tea-room at Ritz's last week; it had a brown guipure collar lined with the palest possible eau-de-Nil taffetas, with little tabs of the same at cuffs and collar. As its wearer walked across the Place Vendôme and lifted a corner of her frock, there appeared an eau-de-Nil petticoat profusely flowered and adorned with brown velvet spots about the size of sixpence, which petticoat, be it added, at once raised the frock into the first-rank of *chic* effects. Surely half the success of a Frenchwoman's *ensemble* lies in her dainty attention to details.

Several excitements rewarded one's caged-up condition in the "grille" of the House last Thursday, when some honourable members were palpably in an unparliamentary frame of mind, though bound over to Parliamentary language. Mr. Bromley-Davenport, in defence of his brother-in-law, Colonel Kinloch, was evidently longing for battle, but Mr. Brodrick's emphatic pronouncements "that the state of Colonel Kinloch's battalion showed defects which made it impossible to retain him" left no ground for argument. Quite a flutter was caused also by the facetious "harrying" of the Attorney-General by Mr. Swift MacNeill apropos of the Globe scandal. Had the Attorney-General preserved a minute of the reasons *why* a public prosecution had been evaded? If so, would that memorandum of these secret reasons be laid on the table?—and so forth. Finally, when the Speaker intervened at a more than awkward moment with "Order, order!" sighs both of



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AN UP-TO-DATE DINNER-GOWN OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

dust-throwing for the public vision reached me on the first morning of my return to England, home, and drabness this week in the columns of an energetic daily, which devoted three startling head-lines, half a column of excited comment, and several skilful suppositions to the mere bald, bare fact (was it fact?) that some woman had worn one thing instead of another thing in Bond Street that morning. There was little in the idea, less in its installation, and absolutely nothing in its consequences one way or another. But in the highly flavoured manner of its serving up for the public appetite one recognised the journalistic *cordons bleus*, one who can make savouries out of straw and almost persuade the partakers thereof that his caviare is not the common chalk it is.

For facts in forthcoming fashions one must actually depend on the gay little Principality of Monaco at the moment. There one sees the flat, flat, flower-trimmed, dinner-plate hat, and the short, short skirt of the *trotteuse* alone displays its well-arranged pleats. The pale-pastel cloth coat of late spring, rich in embroideries and gracefully loose in outline, is almost a uniform at Monte while hardly yet shown in Paris and represented by a mere pioneer or two in dingy, sodden London. It is sunshine that brings forth the birds and butterflies and flowers and other gay things in Nature, and it is sunshine that decidedly bids the chrysalis of clothes come forth from its tissue-paper wrappings and puts conjecture as to form and colour finally at an end. In Paris, dark-blue—always a favourite colour with the mode-maker of Lutetia—holds sway at the present murky moment; smart plaid mixtures in velvet and bengaline are introduced with good effect, and



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SMART SIMPLICITY IN GREY CLOTH.

relief and regret were audible around. Mr. Whitaker Wright must have hired a lucky star for his own exclusive use, and paid the bill, moreover!

Those whom Nature hath endued with an eager and nipping air

cannot easily understand why others on whom comfortable tissue is bestowed should be so eager to get rid of it. However, the fact stands, and, as each new cure for too, too solid flesh is discovered, an appreciative public is ready and willing to test its merits to the utmost. The very latest wonder-worker is called "Antipon," and, without injuring the most delicate organisation, is said to bring down one's superfluous envelope with a quite extraordinary promptitude and despatch. "Antipon" should therefore make its name and fame with little delay *en route*, and, if that elegant slinness follows its use that is claimed, few benefits will be more thankfully received than this by blowsy humanity.



THE HON. JAMES SMART,  
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE IN CHARGE OF THE  
CANADIAN FARMERS' DELEGATES.

A lady writes me from Simla, under the ingenious pseudonym of "Puzzled," to ask if the use of the spur is cruel. May I inquire in return if she would think the chastening use of a pin at the end of a walking-stick a pleasant stimulant at the hands of a

friend in her walks abroad? The horse is much more highly strung and sensitive to pain than half the foolish humans that bestride him. He is willing, patient, and never lazy. Why, then, bring a steel goad to bear on his invariable goodwill? I advise "Puzzled" to read Schopenhauer on "The Innate Cruelty of Women," and to draw the obvious moral that may be derived therefrom.

The great feature of jewellery at present is palpably in the popularity of the pendant, a form of gaud which was neglected for years, and, before the renaissance of personal ornament in which we now rejoice, was shown forth in the ugly, unimaginative "locket" of some twenty years ago. Delicacy of design and lace-like effects in setting mark the jewellery of this very period, and it must be admitted that our improved taste in this respect is very largely due to the untiring efforts of the Parisian Diamond Company, who have with such enterprise and perseverance introduced the best models and masterpieces of old craftsmen year after year with ever-increasing success and public appreciation. Just now, the Company is showing a quite unique display of pendants in diamonds and enamels variously, all of which, it is no exaggeration to say, compare well with the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Rue de la Paix itself. The heavy "fender" tiara and "park-palings" necklace, which glittered so universally on fair forms some seasons since, have subsided out of their settings into more delicate airy-fairy brilliancy largely through the admirable example set by the designers of the Parisian Diamond Company, who were amongst the first to substitute separate effects for overcrowding.

In spite of the shaking of heads over the advent of the Continental Sunday, there are some people in London who fail to grasp why a day of rest should be synonymous with a day of depression, and these kindred spirits I would advise to try, as I have done, one of the dinners at the Hôtel Cecil on Sunday evening. It is so refreshing to find oneself exchanging the dreary and dirty aspect of the Sunday streets for a realm of lightness and brightness, animated faces and pretty frocks—to sit down *à deux*, or, if Mrs. Grundy frown, to make one of a merry party at a table literally covered with flowers, and chatter to the accompaniment of Signor Furno's clever orchestra. The dinner is certainly excellent and by no means expensive.

SYBIL.

#### THE HON. JAMES ALLAN SMART.

The Hon. James Allan Smart is the special representative of the Dominion of Canada in charge of the Canadian Farmers' Delegates now in this country. Mr. Smart is the son of James Smart, ex-Sheriff of Leeds and Grenville, Ontario. Born at Brockville, June 6, 1858, and educated at local schools and Woodstock College, he entered commercial life and was in business on his own account as hardware merchant for some years. Proceeding to Manitoba in February 1880, he was made Alderman for the City of Brandon in 1882-3, Mayor in 1885-6, and again in 1895-6; appointed member of Western District Judicial Board in 1886 and Municipal Commissioner in 1888, remaining in the last-named office till 1893. He is a Liberal in politics and represented Brandon in the Legislature from 1886 till 1892, held office in Mr. Greenway's Administration from 1888 till 1893, and, after the accession to power of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Smart was appointed Deputy Minister of the Interior of Canada, April 1, 1897, and Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs of Canada, July 1, 1897.

Lovers of the fragrant weed who have not yet tried the "Marsūma" cigars should make a point of doing so. Made from picked, sweet-scented leaves of the young tobacco-plant, grown on virgin soil in East India, "Marsūmas" have a most fragrant, pleasing flavour and aroma. In many brands of cigars, East Indian tobacco, because of its costliness, is used only for the outside covering, an inferior quality grown in Southern India forming the inside. "Marsūmas," however, are composed entirely of the finest East Indian tobaccos.



ARTISTIC DESIGNS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 28.*

## MONEY AND THE MARKET.

IT is difficult to follow the movements disclosed by the Bank return, but it is clear that the market still owes a considerable sum to the Old Lady, and it is hardly human nature to expect that the Bank will spoil its own profits by reducing the minimum until the debt is considerably reduced. It is said also that we have considerable sums of French cash here, the withdrawal of which would



BOKITSI SHAFT AND WHIM, WASSAU DISTRICT.

probably be hastened by the cheapening of money on this side. Within the next fortnight, however, it appears probable that the welcome reduction will take place; were it not for the Settlement, we should be bold enough to say that it might be anticipated on Thursday next.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we published an illustration of Mahogany-cutting in a West African forest, and this week we reproduce two photographs of the Bokitsi Mine, in the Wassau district of West Africa. We are indebted for these to the kindness of the Attasi and Bokitsi Development Company, who placed at our disposal one of the finest albums of West African views we have yet seen.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

With some surprise The Stroller noticed how light it was as he turned into the Street the other evening. "The days are drawing out," said he to himself. "These Stock Exchange men ought to be able to see their way better now."

He must have added the last part aloud, for a man standing on the kerb laughed and exclaimed—

"The darkness is thicker than ever, my dear sir!"

"In what way?" inquired The Stroller.

"Oh, here's the Transvaal Loan coming to upset Consols, the Bank Rate won't go down to help Home Rails, the Canadian strike is upsetting Trunks—"

"Yankees are flat because no one wants to buy them, and you're in them, Billy," chimed in another man.

"And," concluded a third, "the Mining Markets are under the combined evil influences of labour troubles, Egyptian swindles, and Westralian jugglery, to say nothing of being bored with fancy jungle holes."

"What a tale of woe!" smiled The Stroller, sympathetically. "But surely all the Egyptian things are not swindles?"

"Of course not!" said speaker the second; "only they are unproved, don't you see, and when shares in Companies you know nothing about are rushed up sky-high, down they go in your mental retina as swindles."

"It strikes me as slightly illogical, if you will excuse my saying so," and our friend leant against the wall of the House cloak-room.

"His bad reasoning is force of habit. He's a broker," observed the third speaker.

"Force of habit? I'll put some of the force of Sunny Jim into you if you're not careful!" and the broker kicked the air viciously.

"But Egyptians—?" ventured The Stroller.

"If you want a gamble in Gypies, buy yourself United African Exploration when they get to about 2."

"I'd rather have 'Mummies,'" one of the others remarked.

"Mummies may have a resurrection, I admit—"

"Tolstoy has. Climbed up a Tree and—"

The speaker was gently hustled off in the charge of two companions, and those who stayed behind hastened his departure with suggestions as to the advisability of getting a No-Drink-Between-Meals button for him. By-and-by, The Stroller followed.

"I've a good mind to buy some United African Exploration and some 'Mummies,'" he said to his broker, as he accepted the proffered chair.

"I think the first are all right, but hadn't you better let the profit-takers knock 'Mummies' down a bit further, eh?"

"Certainly, if you think it's right, I will."

"Yes, I do think so. But you really want a gamble?"

The Stroller nodded.

"Why not buy yourself some Welsbach Ordinary or Preferred? They're both going much better."

"Is that so?"

"Unless my information's all wrong, they will. Of course, you know the concern got into an awfully bad way?"

"There's a reconstruction scheme afloat, isn't there?" asked The Stroller.

"That is so, although I don't think it will take the form proposed some time ago. I can't tell you exactly the reason for my tip, but I have bought myself some of the Ordinary, and the Preferred may go better first."

"You mean me to buy it to take up, I suppose?"

"Better to, of course."

"M. Yes, I think I'll have some of both. Are these to-day's prices? Well, say a thousand pounds stock of each sort."

"It's a gamble, you know."

"Oh, certainly; I recognise that. Will you please do with my stock the same as you do with your own."

"Very well, sir. I hope to make you a pony or two out of this little deal."

"I want a good 4 per cent. investment for a customer abroad. Can you recommend anything?"

"City of Bergen, City of Stockholm, City of Christiania—all four per cent., and all about 101 to 103, well secured, and likely to improve."

"Thanks very much. I'll let him know, and perhaps send you a new client. Are you coming out?"

"For a minute, yes," replied the broker, and, arm-in-arm, they proceeded down Throgmorton Street.

"Here's to the jump in Welsbachs!" cried The Stroller.

"And may their shadows ever grow less!" was the broker's toast.

## CONSOLS.

Last year, the lowest price which Consols touched was 92, and in 1901 the price fell to 91, the latter being the low-water mark for a good many years. At the time of writing, Consols show every indication of approximating very closely to the last-named quotation, and there are not wanting those who say we shall see the price of Funds down to 85 before the end of the year. This sweeping prognostication is more or less in the usual order of things when Consols are flat; but the decline is giving a good deal of anxiety to holders, and there can be no doubt that it is caused, to some extent at all events, by proprietors exchanging their Goschens for trustee securities bearing a higher rate of interest. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that at least half-a-dozen stocks issued by the Australian Colonies, and in regard to which the demands of the Trustee Act have been complied with, are undoubtedly depressed beyond due measure.

But it is not Australian stocks that the trustee is buying just now; rather, he is diverting his money into channels such as Local Loans, India stocks, Home Railway prior charges, and the like. While it is still early to judge whether there will be any more selling on the part of proprietors after they get their reduced dividend cheques next July, we may fairly estimate that most of the selling has been done in advance, and it will need very little support on the part of the Government broker to introduce fresh life into Consols. But we are dubious as to whether an improvement would go very far in the present conditions of the Money Market and the financial requirements of the world at large. The fear of the Transvaal Loan is pressing more nearly upon the market day by day, and the cloud will not be lifted until after



OFFICIALS' HOUSES (OLD AND NEW), BOKITSI, WEST AFRICA

the Budget is out of the way, when the long-expected rise should lose no time in putting in an appearance. Following upon the Loan—or rather, shortly before the issue is made—there should be a rise in Consols, if one is to come within the current six months. The situation bristles with perplexities, and is beset by a number of conflicting factors which render anything like a clear judgment more than usually difficult, but, in our opinion, the course of Consols is not likely to see any very substantial improvement during, at least, the present half-year.

#### THE COLLAPSE IN CANADIANS.

After their prolonged period of appreciation, it was all in the nature of things that Grand Trunks should have a shake-out, despite the wild optimisms which credited the Ordinary stock with a one per cent. dividend, or more, within the next two years. The rank disappointment caused by the January statement has left an unpleasant flavour in the mouths of Grand Trunk bulls, and, while expectation is raised to the highest degree in regard to what the figures for February will show, a good many holders are talking about the advisability of a sale of their stock on the eve of the declaration. The Trunk market, however, is such an essentially surprising one, that mere reason is lost amid the clouds of uncertainty which gather round the splendid traffic-increases reported every week in last month. In addition to the speculation caused by the statement, estimates, the Grand Trunk market has also to struggle against those rumours of labour difficulties that are depressing the price of Canadian Pacifics. A strike on the one line does not necessarily mean trouble on the other, but there is, of course, a decided danger of a sympathetic extension of the difficulties. Canadian Pacifics at anywhere near 130 may be regarded as depressed, and, although present purchasers may have to face a further fall of a dollar or two, the shares are well worth picking up for a future advance in value. Hudson's Bays and Canada North-West Land shares are naturally affected by the weakness of the Railway securities, and their course will be shaped in the immediate future by the movements of Canadas and Trunks.

#### THE COMPANIES ACT 1900.

Whenever the Government of this or any other country passes legislation intended to protect or benefit trade, or any particular branch of it, there is, as Buckle showed more than fifty years ago, no instance in which more harm than good has not been done by the meddling politician's interference, and the Companies Act 1900 is a striking example of the truth of the great historian's generalisation.

It would be easy, if space were available, to prove the accuracy of Buckle's view with regard to all protective Acts, such as the Mercantile Marks Act, the Money Lenders Act, and the like, but we have neither space nor time for such a discussion. The Companies Act was passed to protect a foolish and irresponsible public, of whom Mr. Cavendish may be a fair example, from the effects of their own incapacity. All sorts of impossible and vexatious provisions were enacted, as to what must be disclosed in prospectuses, and the complacent Legislature imagined that it could thus protect fools from the effects of their own folly.

The result has been, that now no prospectuses are issued, but, instead, new Companies are formed at express speed, the shares taken by the promoters and peddled off upon the Stock Exchange at all sorts of preposterous prices, without any information in respect of which anyone can be made responsible being published at all. Before the Act, it may be promoters' profits were concealed; now, no information of any sort is given. The public, at any rate, used to get their shares at par; now, they give double or treble the face-value, for the promoters say, the bigger the premium, the easier it is to get rid of the shares. For example, within the last few weeks a host of Egyptian Gold concerns have been introduced in this way, and a large number of others are in the incubation stage. The "Mummy" market has been created, shares called Nile Valleys, Central Egypts, Nile Gold Fields, Nubias, Frythreas, and a variety of other names, are bought and sold in thousands at two, three, or, in one case, even ten pounds each, and neither the buyer nor the seller can tell you what the capital of the Company he has just been dealing in amounts to, nor, in fact, anything more than that he expects to find some fool greater than himself, to relieve him of his bargain at an increased price. By-and-by, the scandal will induce some new and officious Government to propose a fresh set of molly-coddling regulations, and by the end of the century we shall arrive at a state in which it will be made compulsory for every investor to wear flannel next his skin and Jaeger undergarments!! This is not intended as a tip to buy Wool Combers shares.

Saturday, March 7, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

S. BROTHERS.—Your letter has been passed on to our Electrotpe Agents, who will communicate with you.

LEX.—(1) The Waterworks are a very fair speculative investment. (2) The Exploration Company is a gamble, of course, but it has chances of a future. (3) Probably this is a dead horse. We shall be surprised if it ever turns out any good.

CONSOLS.—We should not sell at this moment; if you determine to do so, see answer to Apollo last week as to Home Rails.

SPRING.—We have sent you the name and address of the brokers by private letter, as we never publish names of members of the Stock Exchange in this column.

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## A HINT TO STOUT LADIES.

Ladies are constantly complaining that they cannot retain their youthfulness of figure without either taking vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, wearing strongly bound and tightly laced corsets, or going in for a course of semi-starvation, to all of which they feel there are the strongest objections. And it is well that these objections are heeded, for all such drastic and exhausting methods of overcoming obesity or of checking its approach are weakening and debilitating in the extreme, and, if persevered in, may leave lasting evil effects upon the system. Very different indeed is the simple and healthful method of *permanently* reducing a too rotund figure to beautiful proportions known as the "Russell" treatment. By means of this wonderful system the first day's reduction amounts to from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 2 lb., and this decrease continues daily in the same ratio until normal size and weight are attained. The fullest particulars of the system are set forth by the originator, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, in his admirable book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," which he will be pleased to send to any applicant who sends him her address and three penny stamps. For the benefit of our stout friends we append Mr. Russell's address: Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—Reprinted from the *Penny Illustrated Paper*.

## HEALTH, THE HANDMAID OF BEAUTY.

It is satisfactory to know that there need be no slovenly figures nowadays. Permanent reduction of adipose tissue, thanks to modern science, is a *fait accompli*. Even when the figure has been long neglected, and allowed to grow thick and ungainly, it may be brought down to natural proportions; and not only so, but the flabby, pendulous cheeks and the double chin can be reduced to the size and condition essential to good health. All this may be brought about without injury; for while by means of the "Russell" treatment the face and figure are being *permanently* robbed of the superfluous fat, the system is being toned up, and new healthy muscular tissue formed. The discoverer of this method of figure-restoring is Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, who clearly shows in his book, "Corpulency and the Cure" (which, for threepence to cover postage, he will send to any applicant), that by reducing the figure until it is in proper artistic proportion, appetite is promoted, digestion improved, buoyancy restored, youthfulness—indeed, life itself—prolonged, and this with no inconvenience or discomfort, or any rigorous restrictions as to food and drink.—Reprinted from the *Methodist Recorder*.

## A RATIONAL CURE FOR OBESITY.

Those fortunate persons who can afford to "take the waters" at some foreign Spa too frequently discover that the effects of the "cure" are but short-lived. This applies particularly to the corpulent. The reason is, that although a temporary amelioration in health may be apparent, there is no permanent check on the tendency to form fat. Now this tendency is one of the greatest of dangers. It leads in many cases to fatty degeneration of the heart and liver, the consequences of which are often fatal. Why, then, do they not try some means of permanently eliminating the danger? Simply because they have in all probability not heard of the wonderful results of the "Russell" treatment, although it is safe to say that that treatment has proved to be the only radical means of ridding the system of superfluous fatty matter. If any of our stout readers who have any doubts on this matter will take the trouble to read a book called "Corpulency and the Cure," by Mr. F. C. Russell, we feel sure that those doubts will be very soon removed. The author has devoted many years to the discovery of the causes and the cure of obesity, and, to judge from the thousands of letters he has received from his patients, there cannot be any doubt that this system is admirably effective. Hundreds of extracts from these letters are reprinted in "Corpulency and the Cure."

The "Russell" treatment is pleasant, easy, and quite harmless. There is no need for any distressing restrictions as to diet, no need for exhausting exercises or debilitating purgative medicines. The compound—a tonic liquid—which forms the basis of the treatment, is purely herbal, and as a proof of its complete harmlessness Mr. Russell gives the recipe of the compound.

We have said that this is a tonic. It also acts powerfully on the digestive and assimilative apparatus. The effects of this are twofold: whilst the superabundant adipose is being expelled, the body is receiving increased nourishment, the blood is being enriched, and the whole system vitalised and strengthened.

Within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment there is a decrease of half a pound to two pounds—still more in extreme cases; and this reduction continues in the same ratio daily until normal proportions are reached. The treatment may then be discontinued.

Our advice is, get the book! By sending three penny stamps (to defray private postage) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., any reader of this publication will receive a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" by return post.—Reprinted from the *Illustrated Mail*.

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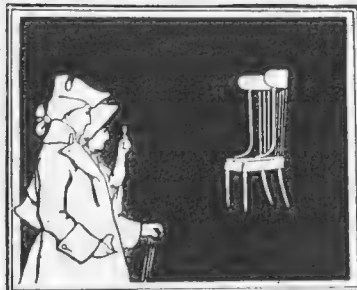
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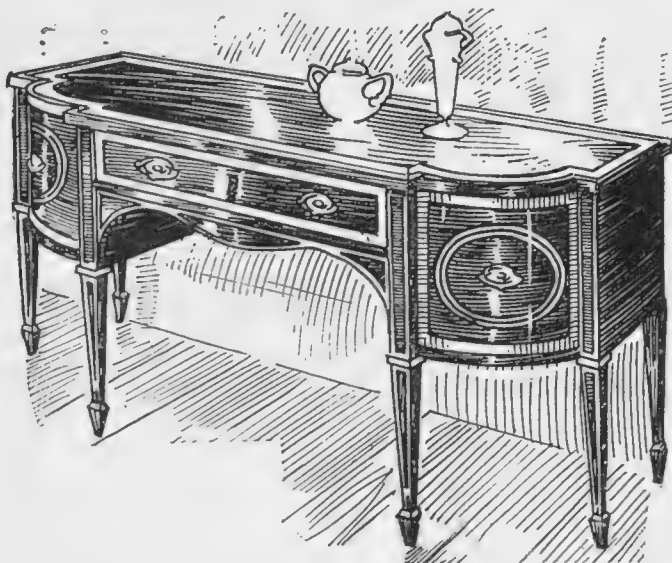
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" 3.—"SURABEGAL"	100	18 6	18 6
" 4.—"SURABAYA"	50	10 -	20 -
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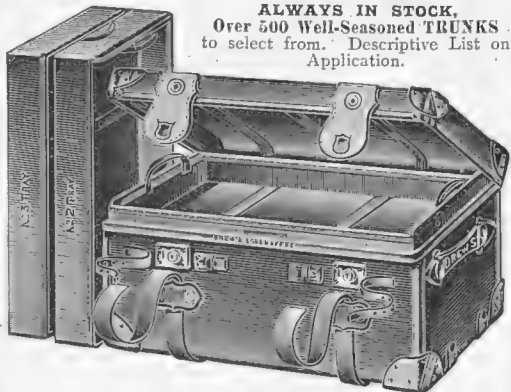
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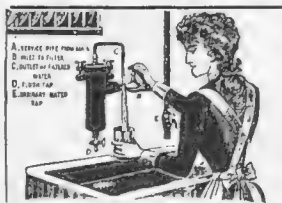


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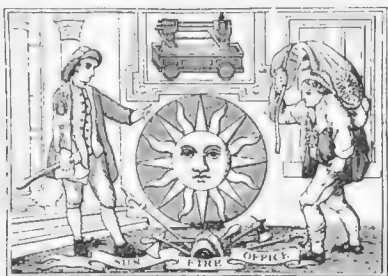


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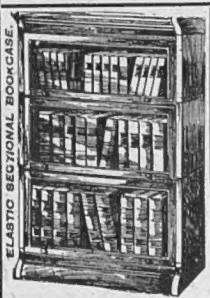
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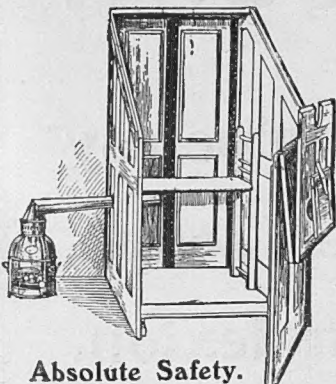
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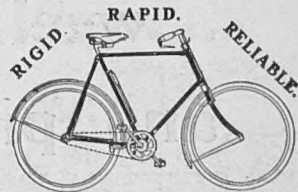
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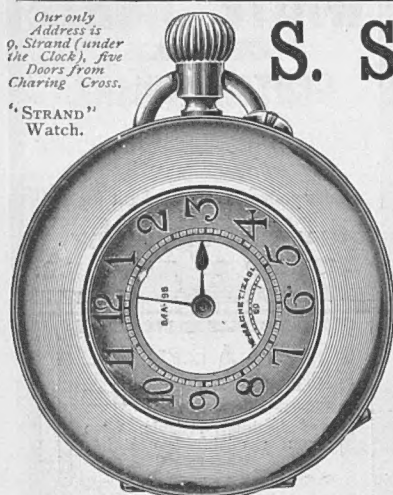
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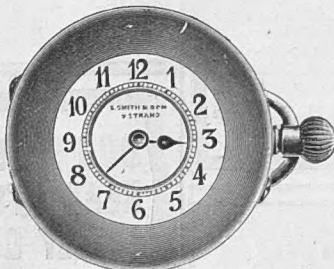
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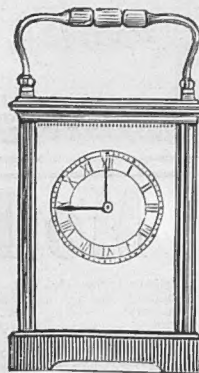
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